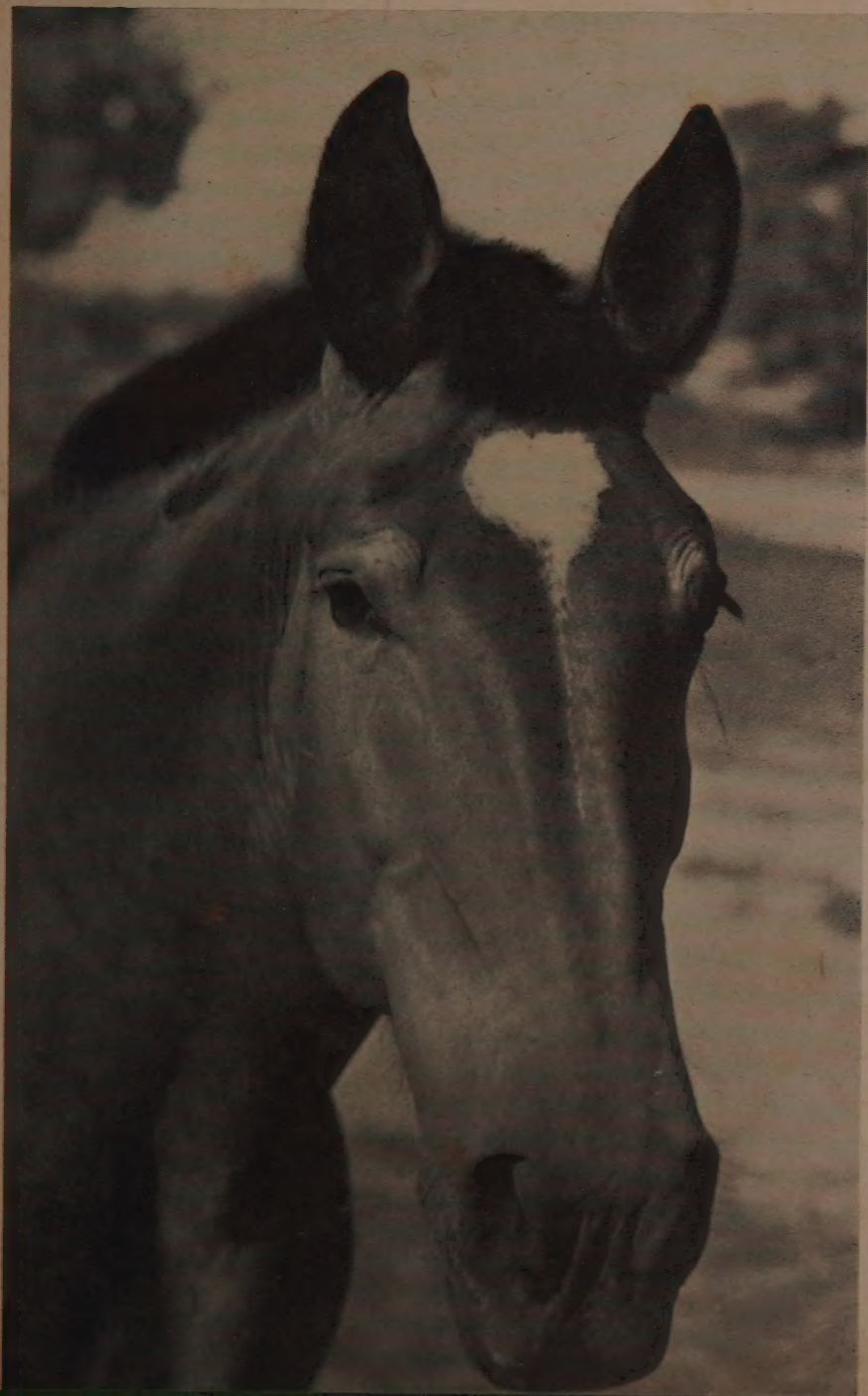


*Egyptian*



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Vol. 2

No. 1

*Looking Ahead  
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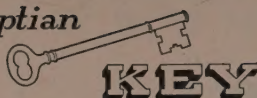
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## Egyptian



OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Vol. 2, No. 1

October, 1944

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### Table of Contents

Looking Ahead with Egypt	
Photo by C. Cliff Grindle.....Cover	
The Open Door.....	4
Egypt's Book Shelf .....	8
Fiddle Strings and Citizens	
By Will Griffith.....	11
Covered Bridge over Marys River	
Sketch by Roscoe Misselhorn.....	12
Towers on the Ohio	
By Hattie Thompson Manning.....	13
Hast Thou Heard?	
By Eva M. Cruse.....	15
Idols of Egypt	
VII. Joseph R. Harker	
By Will Griffith.....	16
At Summer's End	
By Ben H. Smith.....	21
Egyptian Etchings—Cave in Rock	
By Jule Le Nard.....	22
Egypt—Of Thee We Sing.....	24
Wild Flowers of Egypt	
By Virginia C. McAndrew.....	26
When the Leaves Fall in Egypt	
By Ben H. Smith.....	30
King Cotton	
By Guyla Wallis Moreland.....	32
Jehu Baker	
By William U. Halbert.....	33
Meeting a Challenge	
By Richard Baldwin.....	36
Rocks and Rills, Castles and Mills	
By Katharine Quick Griffith.....	40
Thanksgiving	
By Guyla Wallis Moreland.....	44
Egyptian Starlight	
III. John T. Faris.....	45
Another Year, Another Spring	
By Pfc. Ray D. Henson.....	48
Cotton Grows in Egypt.....	49
Looking Ahead with Egypt	
By Will Griffith.....	51
Church in the Hills	
By Guyla Wallis Moreland.....	53
Egyptorials .....	56

EGYPTIAN KEY, Volume 2, Number 1.  
Published bi-monthly by Egyptian Key  
Publishing Company, Carbondale, Illinois.  
Will Griffith, Editor; Katharine Q. Grif-  
fith, Associate Editor; Barbara Burr  
Hubbs, Contributing Editor. \$1.00 per  
year, 25 cents per copy within continental  
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# The Open Door

## Our Sincere Thanks

I regret that I have delayed renewing my subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY. It is not because of lack of interest, but rather on account of so many incidents, most unessential, crowding in on my time and attention.

A friend of mine down at Salem presented me with the year's subscription and I must say that I have read each number of the magazine from cover to cover. Through the course of the years I have made several trips through southern Illinois, met many fine people, and always thought that about the best thing there was about southern Illinois was the high quality of its citizenship, which seemed to me to be characterized by courtesy, kindness, and friendliness. I didn't realize there were so many places of scenic beauty, although I knew there were many points of unusual historic interest. One who drives the highways doesn't really get to see much.

You have a high and laudable ambition and purpose. So often those most benefited fail to appreciate. In many respects the job is thankless, but in the end it will be of great benefit and value to your section of the state. I might say that, while the historical and scenic are perhaps of the greatest interest at my age, I am still young enough to be interested in the Egyptian Peaches at Crab Orchard Lake as they appeared on the front cover of your last number. From all I had read about Crab Orchard I didn't think there was anything good about it, but apparently in this I must have been mistaken.

I was greatly interested, too, in the article "Collector and Collections." If I knew the address of Mrs. Mellie E. Wasson I would be glad to write her, and I will be pleased if you will kindly send her one of the copies of the booklet I am sending.

While we are renewing, why not make it for two years as evidence of my interest in your continued success.

J. H. Ramsey

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

## We Begin to Blush

Most assuredly I want to continue my subscription to the EGYPTIAN KEY, for which I am enclosing my personal check. I have read the first six issues from cover to cover and each one is worth the price of the annual subscription. Southern Illinois is still home to me even though I have been away for twenty-nine years except for an occasional visit.

David F. DeLap, Lt. Col., QMC.  
Camp McQuaide, California

## Interesting Tie-up!

I don't know much about you people but you are getting out a darn good, useful, and much needed magazine.

That is a good editorial you have in your last number on who should be President of S.I.N.U., but the article that I got especially interested in was the one written by Barbara Burr Hubbs on Lincoln at Centralia. In the article she told about the two kids coming down in Moore's

Prairie Township. I was born and raised in that township and many of my relatives live there now. In fact my mother's people, the McPhersons, have lived there for the last 100 years. I have been on the farm and seen the tree that caught the balloon in which the kids were. This same township is where a man by the name of Moore, and who the township is named for, lived for several years before any other white person came into what is now Jefferson County. . . .

Van A. Zahn

Asheville, North Carolina

## A Breath from the South Pacific

I have been overseas seven months and all that time I have been stationed in the jungles of New Guinea. This is strictly uncivilized. Nothing but Fuzzie Wuzzies infested with malaria and skin diseases. The country is really beautiful. This would be a photographer's heaven for scenery. The Owen Stanley mountain ranges pass down the back of New Guinea and make lots of beautiful waterfalls. We have about ten or twelve waterfalls in this area. The sunsets are beautiful against the mountains and jungle growth. Well, this country is beautiful but I'll take Southern Illinois anyway.

I have been trying to get some snapshots for the folks at home. We are really handicapped out here as no supplies are available. Supplies like fountain pens, cigars, cigarette lighters, watches, pipes, film, beer, whiskey, ice cream, goes from four to eight hundred per cent profit on the side. A twenty dollar watch sells for seventy-five bucks. A quart of whiskey brings ten pounds (\$32.23). Since this is Australia owned we deal a lot with Aussie money. Brother, these Aussies are profiteers. They were hiring the natives for six pounds (\$19.37) a year at logging, and coconut picking. The soap companies back in the states have planted coconut groves all around.

As you see the natives wear grass skirts but they are all out for calico now. Those that are close to camps have practically given up the grass skirts for calico as the service men trade them their apparel and bed sheets for native articles like cat's eye (a small stone), grass skirts, beads, model boats, combs, canes, etc. The natives think the world of our flashlights. Oh, yes, they go candy wild, too! Our ration biscuits are cake to them. The ration biscuits are a pain to us so we swap instead of eat.

All of them know how to talk some English. What's more even the old ones can count. Since the Americans have come here they have learned to make change from Aussie money to American money. No use to try to fool them. They know how to make change better than we do.

The men, women, and even the little kids love our American cigarettes. We've really taught them to smoke the American way.

Here's hoping we will all be back home soon.

Alby Sharknas  
care F.P.O., San Francisco, California



## More Blushes

I love the EGYPTIAN KEY so very much. I read it many times and let many others read it. I am saving all copies, and someday will have them bound.

Wishing you all success.

Stella Sanders Rhodes  
Springfield, Missouri

## You Make Us Happy

Enclosed find one dollar for which please send the EGYPTIAN KEY for the ensuing year to my new address.

I have found a great deal of pleasure and interesting entertainment in the pages of all issues, Volume 1, of the EGYPTIAN KEY, and certainly hope not to miss any current issues of this splendid publication through my recent change of address.

Looking forward to receiving this magazine of my native surroundings.

(Miss) Ruth M. Hennrich  
Richland, Washington

## School Days!

I have just seen my first copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY and find it more than interesting. The July issue features five "Egyptian Peaches at Crab Orchard Lake," and I noted with great pleasure that I had had all five of the young ladies in various classes while an instructor in the Marion Township High School.

I am enclosing two dollars which covers a year's subscription to your magazine which I know I shall enjoy greatly.

Clyde E. Maddock  
Lieut., SC, USNR

Care Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, California

## Thanks, Indeed

Connected with the *Murphysboro Independent* from 1896 to 1926 from "devil" to owner-publisher I shall always be deeply interested in that section of Illinois which was my home for almost half a century.

I recall that more than thirty years ago at a meeting of a newly formed organization similar to Southern Illinois, Inc., held in the Normal Auditorium I had a small place on the program under the heading "Selling Egypt to the World."

You are doing an excellent job along that very line and I wish you continued success.

Fred M. Rolens  
South Pasadena, California

## The World Will Know

Enclosed find check for two dollars for two years of EGYPTIAN KEY. I am so happy to have this contact with my native State, and its people, its history and beauty spots so wonderfully depicted in the magazine.

It's hard to convince Easterners that Southern Illinois is a beautiful place, they mostly know only Europe (before the war), California, and Florida. Of the balance of our United States, even the most cultured of them are ignorant.

In fact regardless of geographical locality, most people think the United States consists only of three States. The rest are non-important. And many do not know what the dividing line is between the

North and South, nor even that the Mississippi divides the "near" West from the Central States—things we learned in school.

I read every word of the KEY, I read every ad, and every picture comes under close scrutiny, the interesting historic facts are for me meat and drink.

We have a small group out here from Illinois, one from Belleville, (altho that is not her first name, we call her Belle), one from Flora, too bad he is a man, or we'd probably call him Flo, two from Abingdon, and myself from the southernmost city, Cairo.

I was much interested in this last issue of the KEY and the pages devoted to our home town fine artist, Virginia Herbert, her picture, her paintings, and her letter all are very excellent and I salute for the splendid things you are getting into the KEY—our Southern beauty down in Egypt.

Although I have no relatives down there now, I do go down now and then, having just returned about five weeks ago from a trip down and a most enjoyable time filled with Southern hospitality and good things to eat. The love of friends whose kindness of heart cannot be equalled anywhere in the world—that is, where I have traveled.

Although living now in a beautiful part of our land, and enjoying the friendship of many fine people, I long with a nostalgic longing for the scenes of my childhood and the home State of Illinois. Nothing equals old friends and familiar places and childhood playmates to see often.

Thank you very much for your cooperation in bringing the splendid editions out which help those of us homesick wayfarers to get some glimpses of the places of our birth—which ties us in with the things we love, these are made possible through your indefatigable search and research for facts and the ability to put them interestingly in articles which I'd not take anything for. I have every single copy of the KEY from its first issue. I take pride in showing them to friends who know there is such a state, but appear doubtful of its beauty.

Mary Sarber Ball  
West Orange, New Jersey

## Encore!

I have enjoyed every copy of the EGYPTIAN KEY and am carefully keeping each one for future reference. Enclosed please find one dollar to renew my subscription also one dollar to send a year's subscription to my friend.

Alice Mount  
Karnak, Illinois

## Praise, Indeed

Thanks to my step-brother, C. T. Schaffner of Herrin, I have become one of your readers and most enthusiastic admirers and well-wishers. The editorial quality of your publication is so high, so obvious, and so spontaneous that a great future and equally great service to our State cannot else than await you.

L. W. Rodenberg  
Jacksonville, Illinois

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# MASTER BREAD

... Reared in the Kaskaskia vicinity, L. W. Rodenberg is the author of the three sonnets *To a Sunken City*, erected in bronze on the overlook at Kaskaskia State Park sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Known as the "Blind Poet of Illinois," he is the printer at the Illinois School for the Blind at Jacksonville.—Ed.

## Deeply Appreciated

Have planned to write you so often and tell you how much I appreciate the copies of the EGYPTIAN KEY you have sent me. We all enjoy them very much and my brother always buys about four extra copies to send other members of the family. Mr. Rathbone would be very proud and pleased with it.

Enclosed find check for my continued subscription and thank you very much.

Helene Rathbone

Harrisburg, Illinois

## Feel Better Now, Al?

I have just recently read through your most recent issue of the EGYPTIAN KEY, as I have read all the others, and found it quite interesting. I am interested in the history of Egypt, as well as in the welfare of this south end of the state. You are doing a nice piece of work.

I like your editorial policy, too—the fact that you have one and the down-to-earth manner in which you get down to calling a spade a spade. Having studied journalism and had some experience in the field through the past ten or fifteen years as a sort of a hobby I like to read a newspaper or a periodical with an editorial policy.

I must say that I was intrigued by your final Egyptorial in your last issue—the one on attitudes of business establishments towards customers. You have something there—but the thing irks me. I've waited on customers for at least ten years, and grant that the customer should be satisfied and should be treated with respect to build up good will for the business. . . .

I think that an editorial on customer courtesy is highly essential at this time too. I hasten to say, however, that, just as the majority of the business men are still interested in the welfare and good will of their customers, so the great majority of the customers are still reasonably courteous and willing to co-operate with the business man in making the best of a critical situation in the business of retailing—insufficient and inexperienced help, limitations on extra services such as deliveries by the demands of war, and the tremendous obstacles encountered in securing decent merchandise to sell.

However, I would like to say that never in all my years of business experience have I encountered such unreasonableness on the part of a small percentage of the customers as I have experienced in the past two years of trying to serve the public under the trying war conditions. It must be war nerves. I think it entirely pertinent that some customers should be reminded at times that there is a war on, and that it is impossible for a merchant to get certain items of merchandise, and that what he can get is entirely inadequate to meet the demands of the public—particularly since a small portion of our customers seem to be interested in buying everything they

can lay hands on in the fields of scarce merchandise and to h - - l with the other great segment of customers that likewise need some of that merchandise but are nice about it. . . .

A merchant or a clerk cannot be expected to be insulted and haggled, brow-beaten, and called a liar, day in and day out without sometimes breaking down and reminding them that there is a war on. I really believe it would be to the interest of the merchants if they caught a few of their worst, unpatriotic, greedy customers by the nape of the neck and threw them into the street with the kindly admonition that they stay at home and think over the situation until they come to the conclusion that after all the merchant is interested in distributing what little merchandise he can get in as fair and equitable manner as is possible under the present circumstances. . . . If the "distreated" customers are the ones the average merchant is depending on for his bread and butter he had just as well starve to death anyway, because it would be darned stale bread and powerfully rancid butter that he would be living on!

Albert F. Meyer

Carbondale, Illinois

## The KEY Gets Around

Please find enclosed herewith one dollar in currency to cover the renewal of my subscription to the next six issues of the EGYPTIAN KEY. As a native of Egypt (Williamson County) I find the KEY one of the most interesting magazines I have ever read.

D. H. Howell, M.D.

Washington, D. C.

## Come Down—You'll Be Welcome

Thanks for copies of the EGYPTIAN KEY and your letter of the 22nd. It was a pleasure to see and read through your pages of so much of my native soil, which I have never seen nor heard.

I am enclosing the means of future glimpses and anticipate continuing pleasure in your magazine.

Bernard B. Fallon

Grand Rapids, Michigan

## Our Modesty is Slipping Fast

I am most interested in the history of Egypt and think your magazine such a needed addition to Illinois publications, and such an interesting magazine.

Bertha C. Heller

Decatur, Indiana

## We're Glad You Like It

Enclosed find one dollar for which please renew my subscription for one year. I enjoy your magazine very much. The last issue is one of the best. Wishing you continued success.

Charles S. Pier

Urbana, Illinois

... We wish there was sufficient space in which to publish the hundreds of letters accompanying renewal subscriptions to the KEY. These have been a source of great gratification to the editors and publishers. We have selected only the ones which we felt would be of interest to others or which would tell some more chapters of the epic story of Egypt.—Ed.





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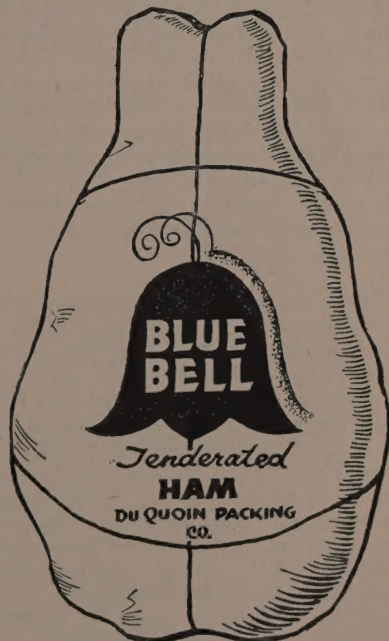
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# Egypt's Book Shelf

News and comments about books written by Egyptians or  
of books pertaining to Illinois and in particular to Egypt.

Cairo, as the great Civil War center of the West, was the scene for ministrations by *Lincoln's Daughters of Mercy* lately described by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie in a thrilling book that runs only a disappointingly short two hundred pages. At Cairo, in the confused spring of 1861, Miss Mary J. Safford abandoned her gentle, cultivated life as the young sister of the city's wealthy banker to organize the first camp and hospital relief in the West. At Cairo, an alliance was cemented between "Mother" Bickerdyke of Galesburg and an unimpressive colonel named U. S. Grant, an alliance that would cut countless tangles of military red tape for the improvement of the common soldiers' lot from Donelson through Sherman's March. At Cairo, Mary A. Livermore of Chicago located the distribution point for the vast machinery of relief that stretched back into the remotest village and farm of the Northwest. From Cairo, the hospital ships steamed to the battlefields of Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg.

Such are the saga, with their counterparts devoted to the heroines who served the Army of the Potomac, that form the background and the notable beginnings of the relief agencies and women's military services of today. The book tells the story of the United States Sanitary Commission, the great relief organization of the Civil War which was the ancestor of the American Red Cross. It relates mule-drawn-ambulance and raw-potato-antidote-for-vitamin-deficiency derivations of our techniques for alleviating the horrors of war.

Read *Lincoln's Daughters of Mercy*, written by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. [B.B.H.]

*Moyers' Brief History of Pulaski County* published by the *Pulaski Enterprise*, Mound City, Illinois, has come to our attention. Egypt's Book Shelf does not believe in being stylish or up-to-the-minute to the detriment of true worth. Books are not transient—they are boarders by the year and the decade. This short concise history was published in 1943, the centennial of Pulaski County.

For years W. N. Moyers had been the historian of the extreme southern part of Egypt. A student of history, descendant of an old French family, he was able to interpret the early days of the French and Indians in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Much credit is due him for the explorations made in the Ozark hills.

Well past the four score mark, W. N. Moyers furnished the idea and the facts but the actual writing is the work of his son-in-law, J. L. Wall. Unfortunately the newspapers recorded the death of Moyers before the history went to press.

Pat Abbott, convalescent United States Marine, with his wife Jean, who was born in Southern Illinois, are resting in New Mexico. The various friends of the couple become involved in a maze of mysteries which, of course, are straightened out by Pat, the hero of the series of mystery stories written by Frances Crane of Lawrenceville, Illinois.

We admit that we are enthusiasts of mystery and detective stories, and, we also admit, we are Crane enthusiasts,



Frances Crane

but appraising Frances Crane's latest, *The Amethyst Spectacles*, in an impartial manner, we still must say that in our opinion it is a very good tale. There is a wealth of wonderful description that is so interwoven in the story that it is not dry and monotonous reading but rather just enough embellishment and embroidery to

give added interest to the story.

Miss Crane's characterizations are good; they are natural, they are real. Her dialogue sparkles. Her plots compare favorably with those of other writers. She is a member of the school of detective fiction that believes in sticking close to probability rather than dragging in the weird and the grotesque.

Miss Crane is blessed with a brother who ranks as one of the leading physicians of the Mississippi valley and as a result of this relationship, she frequently uses her brother's knowledge to further the ends of her plots. The reader can rest assured that any reference to diseases, medicines, and chemicals found in a Crane story authentic.

*The Amethyst Spectacles* is published by Random House, New York.

\* \* \*

*Coal Dust on the Fiddle* is the title of a collection of songs and stories pertaining to the coal industry. George Korson has made the compilation.



More than one hundred songs are given, with the music to several reproduced. Along with the collection of songs of the coal miners, are chapters on the minstrels of the coal mines, the folklore, the unions, and the history of the mines.

It is quite evident from a perusal of the book that a great majority of the coal miners of America stem from Irish and Welsh stock. Many of the songs of the miners are to be sung to old country airs.

It was a personal pleasure to find in the book the words of the old song, *Down, Down in the Coal Mine*. One of our earliest memories is of a boat trip on the Ohio River. At sunset the elders gathered in the stern, and as the glorious sun sank into the beautiful waters of the Ohio, sang the songs then popular. There was no "boogie-woogie" or "swing," but rather, songs of sentiment and melody. We had remembered for too many years that particular song about the coal mine and, lo, here it popped up on page 153 of *Coal Dust on the Fiddle*.

Many references are found to Illinois mines, to the Moweaqua and Cherry mine disasters, to Mother Jones, to Carrie Nation and her visits to Southern Illinois, and to the troubles and joys of a virile industry and its workers. The reader will find several songs authored by Egyptians.

To anyone interested in coal mines and miners Korson's book will be a welcome addition to his reference shelf. *Coal Dust on the Fiddle* is published by the University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia.

\* \* \*

H. Allen Smith, formerly of McLeansboro, has had another book published. Following through on his series of unique and unusual titles, Smith calls his latest book *Lost in the Horse Latitudes*.

causes this former Egyptian to write such books. Filled with coarse comments and low stories of the near great we are unable to decide whether he writes for the financial remuneration or whether he is a new form of Crusader. He may have the idea that his books will awaken the American people to a realization of the depths of good taste and morality to which we have sunk.

If the readers of his books will take to heart the lessons that can be deduced therefrom, they will become aroused to the need of a restoration of the American character. Our personal feeling in the matter is that Smith writes the type of rot that he does, because he knows a certain large class of present day Americans will buy it, thereby earning him royalties.

The latest in this category of low-brow, coarse, crude reminiscences is published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

\* \* \*

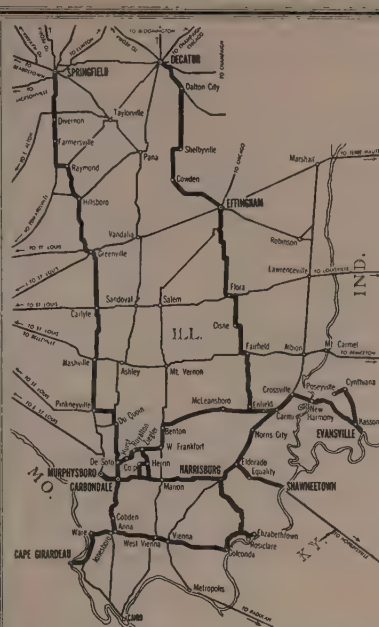
Grace Cabot Toler of Mounds, Illinois, is an authority on genealogy. She has published two books on the subject. One, the *Family History of the Blood, Cabot, Hicks, Gould, and other branches*, covers the period from 1470 to 1933. The other, *English Ancestry and Miscellanea*, covers the same group from 1150 to 1939.

The *New England Genealogical and Biographical Magazine* and the *New York Times* have reviewed Mrs. Toler's work and made complimentary comments upon them.

Egyptians who stem back to any of these families will, no doubt, find much of family interest therein.

W. G.

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*Egyptian*



**KEY**

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

# Fiddle Strings and Citizens

By WILL GRIFFITH

**F**IDDLE strings, under the master fingers of a Fritz Kreisler or a Mischa Elman, produce the greatest musical tone known to the music world—a tone with timber, resonance, brilliancy, a tone which sings, and, moreover, a tone that dominates. The violin is the lead voice of an orchestra.

Manufacturers of violin strings have tried many different materials from which to make these vibrant strings. Silk, steel wire, and other substances have been used but the only strings found to be satisfactory are strings made from sheep guts.

Citizens are like fiddle strings. Those who accomplish worthwhile deeds, either in their private lives or their civic works, must have guts. Many different words are used to express that certain quality in a citizen which makes him an asset to his community. We prefer the short expressive word that may be inelegant but which certainly packs a punch. Call it intestinal fortitude, if you must; call it courage; call it stamina; give it any high sounding verbiage you choose but the fact remains that anyway you phrase it, it still is guts.

Egypt may not need fiddle strings but she does need citizens with plenteous supplies of that vital substance. To accomplish the advance desired by all residents of Egypt, the area must have citizens and leaders who have the nerve, the courage, the stamina to stand up and fight.

There is nothing impossible in the oft expressed desires for Egypt. Nothing will be accomplished merely by wistful wishing or by constant conversation. Action is the one necessary requisite. Nothing ever will be accomplished if we lack the courage to stand up and be counted.

If a new factory will make the labor supply a little shorter for you, you must, if you love Egypt, be willing to sacrifice your own ease in business for the betterment of Egypt. If new faces mean you will have to surrender a little of your predominance in matters of Egypt, you, if

you truly love Egypt, must be willing to share the lime-light with others.

If Egypt, in order to obtain the necessary recognition at Springfield, must rise in her holy wrath and make such a noise that she will be heard all over Sangamon County, then the citizens of Egypt who profess to love her, must not be afraid to stand up and to let the world and the state administration know what Egypt wants. The fortitude to see some personal favors lost because of our stand, must be the sacrifice we make for the betterment of Egypt.

Egypt must become one hundred per cent area minded. Old rivalries between sections and towns of Egypt must be forgotten for the good of the section. That which causes prosperity to one town of Egypt will in time reflect a similar increase in business to its neighboring towns. It will prove a fruitless effort to build a better Egypt if, in a selfish mood, we fail to view the problems as those of an area rather than those of a community.

If a group of citizens of Egypt would journey to Springfield, and there tell the proper authorities what Egypt wants, what Egypt needs, what Egypt must have, Egypt's just and true deserts, and if that group could substantiate its claim that it represented a united Egypt, the necessary power, the necessary force, would be there and the results would be startlingly pleasant. A million citizens, twenty-eight counties, one-fourth of the area of the State, welded together into a strong, virile body, with the necessary guts, would exert an influence that could not be resisted.

At a time like that of today it takes courage to stand up and be counted; it takes fortitude to admit our faults and to take the blame for our acts; it takes plain, unadulterated, unvarnished guts to say, "I did it," or "I am responsible, it was for the best for Egypt." It takes real courage to sacrifice some business, some personal prestige, some individual ease, to get Egypt on its upward path but it will be worth all it costs and in the long look

will be found profitable individually and collectively.

The EGYPTIAN KEY has expressed the thought several times that what we need is action. We are running behind the rest of the State and the Nation in our preparation for the next decade. The time for planning is past. The time for conversation and conference is over. Today is the time for action.

If we as Egyptians had had the necessary stamina, the Sensemeier Woods today would be a lovely place in which to enjoy the work of the Master Painter as the leaves of the forest turn from green to gold, or red, or brown. Instead today the Sensemeier Woods can be seen only in whiskey barrels.

If we as Egyptians had had the necessary guts, a new president of Southern Illinois Normal University would be seated in the office at the school directing the up-

building of that institution. And moreover, the new president would be one of the proper size and caliber.

If we Egyptians had the necessary cohesion, to give us the necessary strength, Little Grassy Lake would be completed and functioning, Dixon Springs would be a part of the state park system, Giant City State Park would be rehabilitated and open the year round with modern accommodations, and the many other improvements made elsewhere that are necessary and important in the area. To paraphrase the reputed statement of the Confederate General Forrest, "Those who holler the mostest, gets it fustest."

If we could offer one prayer and only one prayer for Egypt, it would be:

"O Lord, grant us as Egyptians the courage to do; O Lord, give us guts."

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## OLD COVERED BRIDGE NEAR CHESTER

A sketch by Roscoe Misselhorn, Sparta, Illinois, of the old covered bridge over Marys River, showing the bridge as it was before rehabilitated by the state to be preserved as a historic souvenir. The frame-work was hewn and put together with wood pins and iron bolts. Built at a cost of \$530, the bridge is 100 feet long and 18 feet wide.





# Towers on the Ohio

By HATTIE THOMPSON MANNING

**The story of two families whose lives inter-twined in the social and economic growth of an Ohio River town.**

**WE** ARE learning every day the greatness of what used to be called commonplace. To build a home, to provide for, and to train properly, a family seems to be just an ordinary cycle in life, but when the members of that family go out into the world and establish themselves as representative citizens in different cities and towns, we realize how much greatness can be woven into just everyday living.

In my girlhood, among the many such families of Golconda, Illinois, the Rauchfuss and Steyer families were very prominent. They had many things in common and their lives were so interwoven in everyday living, as well as in church, civic, and social life, that to write of one brings memories of the other.

On a very high hill, 120 feet above Main Street, just north of Golconda, stood the large gray brick house, familiarly known as the "Castle." It had a tower in front from which you could, on clear days, see three different states, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Illinois. This was the home of Charles F. Rauchfuss, Sr., who had made a comfortable fortune in the lace importing business in Louisville, Kentucky. Early in 1870, Rauchfuss took a business trip by boat to New Orleans, and while passing Golconda was so impressed with the beauty of this hill, that he decided to purchase it and to build a house on it in which to rear his family.

Rauchfuss was born in Prussia, Germany; his wife, Wilhelminia Jacobina Hertereich, was born in Bavaria, Germany. Rauchfuss Hill was an ideal home site for a family of seven children; four boys, O. A. B., Charles

F., Jr., Eugene, and Oscar; and three girls, Dritzka, Agnes, and Carrie.

In the winter, Lusk Creek was the meeting place for the town's best skaters. Some, hardier than others, skated as far upstream as it seemed safe and when the air-holes appeared too often, they put up signs of warning to keep others from risking a ducking or worse—drowning. One winter, when she was a very young lady, Carrie Rauchfuss and Principal Frazier of the High School in a spirit of adventure, tried to set a new record in distance skating upstream. Without warning the ice gave way and they were plunged into the water. The current carried them down stream under thicker ice, preventing their rescue. That first break in the Rauchfuss family circle was a sad day for the whole town, and still is remembered with regret by its older citizens.

At the foot of the hill in the center of Golconda stands a red brick house. It also had a tower in front. The once beautiful home, now owned by the United States Department of Agriculture, was another of Golconda's show places. Attractively built, with a wide veranda, it was reached by red brick walks bordered with banana trees in tubs. During wintertime the trees were kept in the conservatory, but outdoors in summer they grew real bunches of bananas. Waxy-leafed magnolia trees and an inviting lawn completed the picture.

This was the home of Captain Theodore Steyer, who was born in Leipzig, Germany, and Ellen Sim Steyer, who was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. They met and were married in New York, and came out to Illinois to

Left—Rauchfuss Castle. Right—Steyer Home.





establish their home. A family of eight children: seven girls, Julia, Ida, Emma, Anna, Mary, Ruth, and Flora, and one son, Charles; filled the red brick.

Captain Steyer, as he was familiarly known, established a hub and spoke factory in Golconda. After much of the virgin timber of the vicinity had been used in this and the cooperage plants of the town, along with the ever busy sawmills, he built Golconda's first wharfboat, and was its first wharfmaster, thus acquiring the title of captain, which clung to him until his death. When a fire destroyed his uninsured boat, his fellow citizens were so sympathetic that, unsolicited, they donated sums of money from \$5 to \$1000 to help him rebuild the boat. His gratitude for such real friendship spurred him on until every cent contributed was repaid in full.

By this time Captain Steyer saw the need for a roller mill to grind the wheat raised around Golconda. He built the first flour mill which still stands today. It is now used only as a warehouse, owned by Henry Walters, Jr.

The Rauchfuss and the Steyer homes were the scenes of many gay and brilliant parties. To reach the Rauchfuss home you drove up a serpentine driveway, one and one-half miles in length, to the top of the hill. Rauchfuss kept a large black bus with long side seats, which was drawn by two black horses, to make sure his guests would have a means of transportation. This was known everywhere, jokingly, as the "Black Maria."

In the early days, the Rauchfuss family entertained many guests from New York and Louisville, Kentucky. As Golconda had no railroad at that time, all guests arrived by boat on the Ohio River. By arrangements with the captains of the packets, a special warning was given by the boats' whistle, as the boats rounded the bend above the Rauchfuss home. The host and hostess then had time to get into the "Black Maria" and drive to the wharf to pick up their guests.

It was also before the days of the telephone and to let the townspeople know they had guests and that they would like for them to come up to call, a large flag was hoisted on a flag pole erected on the tower. It stayed there until the guests had departed.

The "Black Maria" was used to take groups on picnics and to bring the townspeople to the Rauchfuss home for dances. A special hall fifty feet in length and twenty feet wide, with a parquered hardwood floor had been built into the house. The social set made good use of it for the family's young folks were popular. They had a gay, yet wholesome good time. Those who are still living feel that the present day parties have no edge for brilliance and real enjoyment.

The first iron bridge built across Lusk Creek, just north of Golconda, was designed and supervised by Oscar Rauchfuss. The youngest of the sons was a technically trained engineer, who was graduated from Rose Polytechnic Institute, Terre Haute, Indiana.

It was as necessary then to be able to ride horseback well as it is to know how to drive a car today. As you might surmise, the young ladies were expert horsewomen. They were never more charming than in fitted riding habits, mounted on gaited saddle horses. The Steyer girls were set a good example of smooth riding by their father who rode a saddle-horse long after many others had turned to an electric or gasoline propelled buggy.

A man of vision, Charles Rauchfuss, knew that attractive daughters eventually would marry. He saved

from his importing business three beautiful veils, one for each of his daughters to wear at her wedding. Affectionately known as "Miss Sis"—a red-haired beauty, Dritzka, became Mrs. George H. Robinson. She had a complete wedding gown of filmy imported lace draped for her, by her girlhood chum, Mayme Steyer, who was adept with fabrics. As her father had planned, she wore one of the exquisite veils.

In a scrap-book kept by Mrs. W. B. Boyd, formerly Mrs. Oscar Rauchfuss, of Cookeville, Tennessee, the list of wedding gifts to this popular young couple covered almost a column in the local newspaper. It included everything necessary for housekeeping, from the decorative such as pictures and a parlor table, to the practical, a kitchen stove, a ton of coal, and barrels of apples and potatoes.

Since the lives of the young men and women in the two families were intimate, from childhood through maturity, it seemed natural that Mayme Steyer should become Mrs. Eugene Rauchfuss.

The only living member of either family is Mrs. Flora Steyer Boyd, wife of Dr. Frank Boyd, surgeon in charge of the Illinois Central Hospital, Paducah, Kentucky. Mrs. Boyd has a keen sense of humor, and adds to the gaiety of any gathering today, as she did when a very young girl. She is seventy-four years old and speaks with a slight lisp which adds to her charm. Captain Steyer made his home with Flora until he died March 10, 1905.

For many years, Captain Steyer had worn what most people thought was a Van Dyke beard. This silky white beard which was rolled and pinned to look like a Van Dyke during his everyday duties, was, on special occasions, when Captain was wearing striped trousers, frock coat, and silk hat, unrolled and allowed to flow so that it reached well below his waist. He was very proud of it and never neglected giving it the best of care.

I well remember the impressive picture that he and Mrs. Steyer made when they walked down the aisle of the church. Captain wore formal street attire with this unusual silky white beard, and Mrs. Steyer, always lovely, with snowy hair, was gowned in heavy grossgrain silk. A taffeta petticoat with accordion pleated ruffles rustled as she walked, like the sound of a gentle breeze playing hide and seek in autumn leaves.

Mrs. Flora Steyer Boyd and H. C. Roper, of Monrovia, California, brother of Mrs. Charles F. Rauchfuss, furnish the information about the gift of the late Charles F. Rauchfuss, Jr., who was vice-president of the Liquid Carbonic Company for many years. In memory of his wife, Myrtle Roper Rauchfuss and his mother, Wilhelminia Jacobina Rauchfuss, he left the sum of \$37,000 to the city of Golconda to build a library.

Twenty thousand dollars of this fund was set aside for the building, library equipment, and landscaping of the grounds. The remaining \$17,000 is to be invested and reinvested by the trustees. Two-seventeenths of the income from this sum is to be used for the purpose of defraying a portion of the expense of maintaining the Golconda City Cemetery, where his parents are buried. The income from the remaining fifteen-seventeenths is to be used in maintaining the library building, its equipment and the upkeep of the grounds.

Due to war-time conditions, the library has not been built, but the ground on which it will stand was bought



by Charles F. Rauchfuss, Jr., several years before his death. It is the lot beside the First Presbyterian Church, the oldest Presbyterian organization in the State of Illinois, which was the church home of both the Rauchfuss and the Steyer families. Money has been left to the church by members of these families in their wills. The purchase of a pipe organ for the church, a few years ago, was made possible by contributions from

these and other families who called Golconda home.

Lying sleepily between two hills, one on the north and the other on the south, and now guarded on the east by a high levy and on the north by a flood wall, to protect it from an overgrown Ohio River, Golconda holds many interesting stories of its early history and the strong sturdy stock who established homes there many years ago.

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## Hast Thou Heard?

By EVA M. CRUSE

Hast 'thou heard the age-old secret,  
Whispered to yon towering trees;  
Hast thou felt the holy breathing  
Wafted earthward, in the breeze,  
From the trees?

Hast thou heard the mountains thunder,  
Rolling down their graying walls;  
Hast thou felt a staying Presence  
In this ancient cavern'd hall,  
At thy call?

Hast thou seen the hillside shadows,  
Slowly creep from stone to stone;  
Hast thou felt a mystic sweetness,  
In the shadows, there alone,  
To atone?

Hast thou heard the plaintive calling,  
Of the night-bird's evening song;  
Hast thou felt an answering echo  
In thy heart, e'en 'mong the throng,  
His lone song?

Mountain, hillside, tree, and valley  
Speak a language true and plain;  
Hast thou heard the poignant whisper  
That proclaims through this domain—  
He comes again.

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Draper's Bluff

*Photo by W. L. Toler, Mounds*





# Idols of Egypt

## VII. Joseph R. Harker

By WILL GRIFFITH

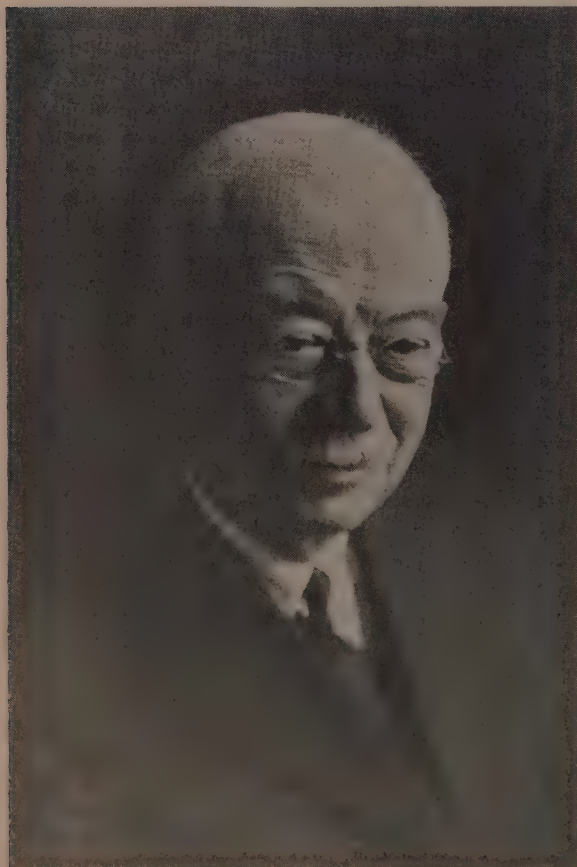
An Egyptian coal miner who threw away his tools and by his own efforts became the head of a great educational institution.

### PROLOGUE

ON A windswept hill in Durham County, England, a coal miner talked of the future to his son. He told of the opportunities there were in the land on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. He told the son that someday they would go there.

The coal miner was Ralph Harker, who with his wife Mary, and their family, lived in one of the homes in a row of company houses known as "Milk and Water Row" near Rainton Gate not far from the Durham Cathedral.

Joseph R. Harker



The son, Joseph R. Harker, was born June 30, 1853. The men of the family had been coal miners for generations. Ekeing out a bare existence on the miserable pay of the English coal miner of those days, the family endured life on the father's pay of approximately one pound (five dollars) a week augmented by whatever the mother could earn "working out." The mother worked in private homes and, during the season, as a reaper in the wheat fields, wielding a sickle to cut the grain from which bread would be made. The children of the family followed the reapers and salvaged the "gleanings," thereby getting enough of the grain to be taken to the mill and ground into flour to furnish the family bread for several months. This bread was baked in the company oven. Outdoor ovens were installed in each block of the rows of company houses. The housewives carried their dough to the oven, baked it, and then carried the week's supply of bread back to the impoverished home.

In later years, Joseph Harker, telling of his youth to prove the superiority of the United States to any nation, said that he never had used a regular bathtub until he was twenty-five years old.

Father Harker could not read nor write, but was blessed with a most excellent memory and could hold his own in any ordinary discussion, having absorbed his education through his ears. Mother Harker was able barely to read and to write.

In the first years of Joseph's life the family were members of the Episcopal Church (English Church), but later a new denomination appeared in Durham to which the Harkers became attached. This new sect was called the Primitive Methodist Church. In an extremely religious family, young Joseph early began to learn the Bible and soon was able to quote many passages of it from his memory. In the later years of their lives the parents of Joseph united with the Presbyterian Church.

In his school work, Joseph learned the fundamentals: reading, writing, and arithmetic, and some geography, but no history and practically no grammar. The school was a church school, there being no public schools, as we know them, in England at that time.

The *Illustrated London News* was really a text book for the boy. The Civil War in America was in progress and the London publication was featuring sketches and descriptive articles of the battle scenes in America. Studied avidly, this publication extended the vista of the youth's mind and instilled in him a desire to know more about what made the world tick.

In addition to the *Illustrated London News*, Joseph read *Robinson Crusoe*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Arabian Nights*, and the Bible.

Joseph's mother's brother, George Young, and Joseph's brother Thomas, came to America in 1860, to settle in Du Quoin. As a result of the glowing reports in their letters, the Harker family looked with longing eyes upon the promised land west of the Atlantic.

At the age of eleven, young Joseph had to quit school to go to work. His first job was in a grocery store, but in a few months he was put to work in the Sacriston Colliery, four miles west of Durham. He started as a pick carrier. A pick carrier took the miner's picks, carried them to the machine shop where they were sharpened and then carried them back to the various miners.

The narrow veined, hand worked, gassy, poorly lit, unsanitary, dangerous, English coal mines of those days contrast sharply with the modern mines in Southern Illinois. Joseph worked in the mine along with the other miners and their helpers from six in the morning until six at night. His earnings were about half those of his father.

After Joseph had worked in the mine several months a new invention, the telegraph, began to come into limited use. Since Joseph was one of the few employees of the mining company who could write a legible hand, he was selected to receive the necessary training to become a telegraph operator and then was installed in the mine telegraph office where he sent and received messages for the company from the English ports of Newcastle and Tynemouth.

In those days there were several of the miners who realized that the working conditions were terrible and a committee of them went to the mine bosses to protest. Ralph Harker was the spokesman. The result—Ralph Harker was blacklisted and could find no mine employment in that immediate neighborhood. His son Joseph was likewise discharged as telegrapher by the mining company.

In time Ralph Harper and Joseph found jobs as miners at South Pelaw Colliery near Chester-le-street. It was a deep dangerous mine. After a few months' work the family moved again, to Etherly Dene where the male

Harkers continued to work in the mines until September, 1871. In that eventful year (eventful for the Harker family and for many in America), Ralph Harker and his wife, Mary, along with their family which included son Joseph, left in a party of twelve on the journey to a new land. It required about \$400 to bring the family to Illinois, of which amount \$200 was sent from Egypt, Illinois, by Joseph's brother, Thomas.

They traveled as steerage passengers on the steamship. They had to furnish their own straw mattresses, bed coverings, and eating utensils, which they were required to throw overboard upon reaching the port of Boston. There, the Harkers were herded onto an emigrant train, waiting alongside the wharf, headed for Du Quoin, Illinois. It took the train four days to make the trip from Boston to Du Quoin, the last fifteen hours of which were spent traveling from Chicago to Du Quoin. Times were different, train service was different, and prices startling. The total cost for the twelve persons from Durham County, England, to Du Quoin, Illinois, (train fare to Liverpool, steamship steerage passage, and rail fare from Boston to Du Quoin, including berths and food on the boat) amounted to \$51.60 per person. The distance traveled was 4400 miles! Of course, today, we of the United States would not put up with such accommodations. The group was unable to sleep at anytime during the four days' train ride from Boston to Du Quoin. Nevertheless, it was the most glorious ride ever made by the Harker family, that journey to the land of freedom and opportunity. These are not idle words. Joseph R. Harker proved with his later life that

*"He had sailed in a ship that was Westward Bound  
Across the rolling sea!  
To the Blessed Land of Room Enough  
Beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunshine  
And the flag is full of stars!"*

#### ACT 1

The Harker family arrived in Du Quoin just two days before the great Chicago fire. Father and son went to work immediately at Number 2 mine at Sunfield, about four miles north of Du Quoin.

We have to let our imaginations furnish us with the thoughts of the Harker family and especially those

Milk and Water  
Row, birthplace of  
Joseph R. Harker,  
near Rainton Gate,  
England.







Airplane view of Du Quoin as it is today.

Photo by Bob Riseling, Murphysboro.

of young Joseph, during those first months in Illinois. A boy who never had been outside of Durham County, England, and who never had traveled more than 10 miles on a railroad train, had completed a 4400 mile journey over land and sea to settle in a new country in a state that had an area of 56,665 square miles in contrast to the total area of England of 50,874 square miles.

In Illinois, Joseph was a free man; he could earn much more by his labor than had been possible in England; and the living and working conditions were so superior to those to which he had been accustomed that Illinois seemed almost like the Promised Land.

It was not long until he had organized a Methodist Sunday School at Sunfield, attended mostly by miners' families. Harker acted as superintendent, getting thereby his first experience in public speaking.

In the early summer of 1872, the Harkers had a new experience. The seasonal shut down of the mines or rather the curtailment of working days per week, left Joseph with idle time on his hands. A lad who has been born to American ideals may look upon idle time as a vacation, a time in which to play, but a youth who had known only the poverty and sorrow of the working class in England could not bring himself to what seemed to him a waste of time.

The young man's capacity for knowledge was seemingly unlimited. When others twitted him with being a book-worm, he only had to recall, mentally, the bleak, desolated hills of Durham, England, the pasty faces of the half-starved miners' children of that English community, to know the correct answer.

It was only a four mile walk from Sunfield to Du Quoin, where Joseph inquired the name of the arithmetic text used in the Du Quoin schools. Upon learning it was *Ray's Third Part*, a copy of it and a copy of *Warren's Physical Geography* were purchased by Joseph and back he walked to Sunfield. During the summer, he studied these books, studied just as religiously and thoroughly as if he were attending school.

Citizens of America in general look upon an election year as merely a time in which the populace is bombarded with speeches by the various candidates, each contestant attempting to convince the citizenry that he is the proper person to install in office. We native born Americans do not realize the effect some of our unique

institutions have upon our new citizens. Joseph Harker was fascinated by the election campaign of that year. The two candidates for the presidency were Horace Greeley and our own Ulysses S. Grant. The impression made on young Harker's mind was that here were two contestants for the highest office in the land, both of them rising from obscure and poor parents. If these two men could accomplish this measure of success, there must be a chance for him, similarly a son of obscure and poor parents. There must be a chance if he would apply himself.

He did. The family had moved to Du Quoin and the men were working in the Star mine, about one mile south of town. After the mines again became active Joseph continued his studies at night taking up next, *Ray's First Part Algebra* and *Davies' Legendre Geometry*. Frequently, one of the books was carried to the mine and studied there in Joseph's spare moments.

The young English lad found another great difference in Illinois. In England there always was present the class distinction. Those who existed by the work of their hands could not expect to meet socially those persons who might have a better education or have more wealth or social position. Joseph found that in Illinois, the thing that mattered was character. He soon became friendly with many of the doctors, school teachers, and business men of Du Quoin. Three men stand out in his life during those important years of his career. They are John B. Ward, county superintendent of schools and principal of the Du Quoin High School; Professor Granville F. Foster, superintendent of the Du Quoin public schools; and the Reverend William T. Hamilton, a Presbyterian minister.

These men who were interested in young Harker encouraged him in his studies, talked with him, explained those which were not understandable, and furnished, above all else, fine examples from which to draw a pattern for himself. Joseph progressed with his studies until he was fighting through Latin and Greek.

In the early winter of 1873, Superintendent Ward suggested to Harker that he should be ready to teach in the schools. The young man had not been in a school since he was ten years old and had never seen the inside of an American school. Ward advised Harker to visit the Du Quoin schools whenever he had the chance and shortly thereafter called on him to act as substitute teacher

in the grade schools for a day at a time.

In December, 1873, Superintendent Ward was having his troubles. The Negro school at Du Quoin was a problem. The superintendent could not find a satisfactory teacher. Again there was a vacancy. He offered the place to Harker. The young man had no certificate to teach, but the superintendent gave him an examination and presented him with a Third Grade Certificate good for one year dated: Du Quoin, Perry Co., Illinois, December 13, 1873. It stated: "The undersigned, having examined Joseph Harker in orthography, reading in English, penmanship, arithmetic, English grammar, modern geography, and U. S. History, and being satisfied that he is of good moral character, certifies that his qualifications in the above branches are such as entitle him to this [provisional] certificate. Valid in District No. 2, Town. 6, Range 1W. of the 3rd P. M. and for the present term only.—[Signed] John B. Ward, Co. Supt. of Schools in Perry Co., Ill."

That Saturday Joseph took his picks out of the mine. On Monday he entered upon his teaching career.

In an unpainted Negro Baptist Church on the west side of the Illinois Central tracks about half way between St. John and Du Quoin, where the main line of the railroad meets the line from St. Louis, Joseph faced, his first day as a teacher, between forty and fifty pupils, from six to eighteen years of age, who had had previous teachers, dog's lives. Harker was not a large young man; in fact he was slight and of less than the average height. Sentiment at that time was not very strong in favor of Negro schools. The young man knew immediately that he could not enforce discipline by physical means. Instead he soon evolved the idea of refusing the obstreperous students admission to the school. The Negro students did not relish being deprived of their new found rights, hence Harker's method of discipline worked.

The young Harker was a success at his first teaching job. It is true the financial remuneration was less than he had been making in the mines—thirty dollars per month against one hundred dollars for the same period. It was a step upward on his career, nevertheless. He finished the year without trouble and gave satisfaction to his superintendent.

Early in Joseph's life his father had sung to him an old English song. The words and tune became most familiar to him and remained with him, even in Illinois, as a sort of battle song:

"See, saw, sickery, saun,

Which is the way to London Town?

One foot up, and the other foot down—

And that's the way to London Town."

In the later days of his life, Dr. Joseph Harker frequently quoted the old song explaining that he believed the only way of success was the eternal "one foot up, and the other foot down."

Upon the close of his first school year, Joseph presented himself for further examination for a Second Grade Certificate. This lowest regular certificate was just the lift of "one foot up." On March 7, 1874, having passed his examination successfully, the certificate was granted, good for one year. Inquiry of the county superintendent disclosed that in order to obtain a First Grade Certificate, one must pass a much harder examination in the subjects included in the Second Grade examina-

tion, and also a hard test on the natural sciences: botany, zoology, physiology, natural philosophy, and the laws of health.

Back to the mines for what summer work there was. Nights and non-working days filled with intensive study. In July, he passed the examination for a First Grade Certificate good for two years from July 8, 1874, in Perry County. He had lifted his feet several times and put them down firmly since he had crossed the ocean to the new land in Illinois.

There was a vacancy in the school at De Soto. Harker made application. Another examination was necessary inasmuch as De Soto was in Jackson County. He passed the examination and obtained a First Grade Certificate good in Jackson County, the day after the formal opening of Southern Illinois Normal University at Carbondale. Dr. Redd, of De Soto, who was the county superintendent, in a short time joined the list of friends that was beginning then to lengthen until in the following years it reached from coast to coast and extended into each of the forty-eight states.

Harker's next step was to obtain a State Certificate. This he accomplished as the result of a three day examination held at Lincoln, Illinois. His certificate, good for life, was dated May 6, 1876, and signed by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, S. M. Etter.

Harker spent two years at De Soto. In religious matters Harker seems to have been extremely broad minded. Starting as an Episcopalian, he had been a Primitive Methodist, had attended the Presbyterian Church at Du Quoin, and then at De Soto held the post of superintendent of the Lutheran Sunday School.

While in De Soto, Harker became friends with Professors Foster, Jerome, and Parkinson, as well as President Allyn, of the Southern Illinois Normal at Carbondale. In 1875, at the request of Dr. Redd, Harker instructed in arithmetic, geography, United States history, and grammar, at the six weeks' teachers institute authorized by the General Assembly to improve the educational standards of the state. As a result of his success he was engaged to instruct at the Perry County Institute held later in the summer.

Little do speakers and writers realize that some sentence or thought offered by them may find a resting place in some mind where it will grow and bloom until it creates something fine and strong. Bayard Taylor spoke on the lecture course of the Normal at Carbondale, the first year of Harker's incumbency at De Soto. Harker walked the six miles to Carbondale, obtained a seat on the platform (the hall was crowded), and listened to the lecture. Walking the six long miles back to De Soto, late at night, Harker discovered that he could remember nothing but one sentence of the lecture, the beginning. "Ladies and Gentlemen: Contentment with present attainment is the beginning of decline." That statement was added to the "one foot up, one foot down" in Harker's mental treasure house and greatly influenced his later life.

#### ACT 2

Harker began to climb in public school work. Faced with a choice between Beardstown and Watseka, Illinois, he desired the Watseka place, but a telegram failed of delivery until after he had accepted the post at Beardstown. By such little events, seemingly unimportant in themselves, the pattern of our lives is changed. In the



home of Professor Foster of Du Quoin, Harker had met in the winter of 1873-1874, Miss Susie Amass of Brighton, Illinois. She was an English woman only recently arrived in this country from Debenham, Suffolk, England. In the summer of 1874, they became engaged and, upon acceptance of the post at Beardstown, they were married, September 6, 1876.

Harker spent one year at Beardstown as principal of the grammar school, then in succession four years at Meredosia, and three at Waverly. While at Meredosia, Mrs. Harker died, in April, 1878.

In 1881, Meredosia graduated its first high school class, which consisted of two young women. One of the graduates was Fannie E. Wackerle, who on December 26, 1882, became Mrs. Joseph R. Harker. Fifty years from the date of the first graduating class at Meredosia both members of that class were still living, one of them Mrs. Harker.

At the age of thirty-one, in 1884, Joseph Harker had lifted his foot many times and put the other one down just as many times. This slow, steady, tenacious march had brought him in that year to Jacksonville, Illinois.

Whipple Academy at Jacksonville was the preparatory school for Illinois College, Jacksonville. Dr. E. A. Tanner, president of Illinois College, had been worried for several years over Whipple Academy. The college itself at that period was suffering from a loss in students and the academy was beginning to see its last legs. Something had to be done and done right. Dr. Tanner singled out Joseph R. Harker as the best physician for the school he could find. The one trouble was the remuneration. There was no money with which to pay the principal of the academy. The faculty of the college had taken severe cuts in salary to keep the college going and could not stand further salary depletions. Dr. Tanner offered the post of principal of Whipple Academy to Joseph Harker, putting up to him at the same time that there was no way to pay him a salary since the total income of the academy had been \$615 the previous year and was not expected to exceed \$800 in the forthcoming year.

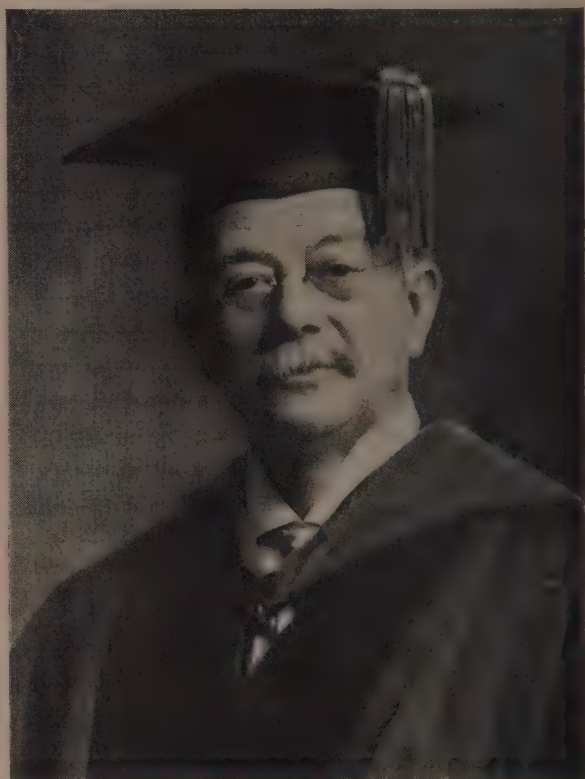
Inquiry on the part of Harker disclosed that the tuition at Whipple was \$18 a year. Harker proposed to the trustees that the tuition be raised to \$36 per year, the school to keep the \$18 it had been accustomed to receive and Harker to get the other \$18 per student as his recompense for his principalship. The trustees were told by Harker that one reason for the slim attendance was that the tuition was so low the public could not believe the school to be really worthwhile; that a doubling of the tuition would increase the student body rather than curtail it.

Harker never had looked inside a psychology book at that time, but he knew the subject. His proposition accepted, his first year's income amounted to \$1025, the second year's \$1251, and the third year's \$1560.

At the end of the third year, Harker asked to give up the two remaining years of his five year contract as he was receiving more salary than any member of the faculty of the college, men who had sacrificed for years to preserve the institution. It was agreed that for the two remaining years of his contract he was to receive the same salary as the other members of the faculty, \$1400, plus an allowance of \$100 for traveling expenses during the summer soliciting students for the academy.

Fees for addresses to teacher conventions and high schools added to earnings in the summer from teaching in county institutes brought Harker's yearly income up to about \$2000, which was a fair income for those days.

Harker was embarrassed during those first years as a member of the faculty of Illinois College, as principal of Whipple Academy, because he was the lone member of that faculty who did not have a college education. There was that item of college degrees. He had none. He had not been graduated from a high school. He had not, oh, perish the thought, even finished grade school. It must be stated that the members of the faculty



Dr. Joseph R. Harker

of Illinois College never embarrassed Harker, but he himself suffered from an inferiority complex occasioned by the lack of a degree or degrees.

Another foot up and another foot down. Night study, help from faculty members, studying, studying. One month from commencement in 1888, Harker was introduced to the senior class as an additional member of that class. He was graduated, receiving the A. B. degree, in 1888. By further application, Harker obtained his Master's degree in 1890, and the Ph. D. degree in 1893. His was the second Doctor of Philosophy degree granted by Illinois College.

It should be recorded that Harker with his customary lack of sectarianism in religion had become affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Jacksonville.

#### ACT 3

Harker turned down the presidency of Blackburn College at Carlinville, Illinois, in 1891, and in 1892, the offer of the post of Assistant Head Master at the Bel-

mont School for Boys, at Belmont, California. In the winter of 1892-1893, another offer was received which he did not feel he could refuse. As a result Joseph R. Harker became president in June, 1893, of the Illinois Female Academy, then under the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In that World's Fair year of 1893, many of Harker's friends began to doubt his sanity. At that time colleges for women were at the top of the mortality lists. Even the Illinois Methodist Church was ignoring its sickly child, Illinois Female Academy, at Jacksonville. but Harker was taking the presidency. Harker had faith.

Harker was on his way to his success. He owned a home in Jacksonville. He had bought a home for his parents in Du Quoin, while he was teaching at De Soto, which was occupied by them until his mother's death in 1887. At that time Harker sold the house and his father moved to Jacksonville, to live with his son, spending his winters with Joseph's oldest sister, Mrs. Thomas Thompson of Du Quoin. Father Harker died in June, 1909, and was buried along side of Joseph's mother in the Du Quoin cemetery.

When the former coal miner took over the presidency of this school for girls, the total enrollment was 128 and the value of all the buildings and physical properties was \$75,000. Three decades later, Joseph Harker saw his dream come true, saw the fruition of his major effort. The college then had an enrollment of 540 and the value of its property, equipment, and endowment was \$1,250,000. Thus did the coal miner of Egypt prove that there is no handicap that cannot be overcome.

From 1893 to 1925, thirty-two years, Dr. Joseph R. Harker steered the course of the college. First known as Illinois Female Academy, its name was changed in 1899, to Illinois Woman's College. In recent years it is known all over the world as MacMurray College.

In the course of those thirty-two years the college weathered many storms, most of them financial. There was a period when the president and his wife had to assume the financial responsibility of the college and virtually operate it as their own private institution, obtaining their remuneration as best they might from the residue after expenses were paid. "Gleanings" again. It was not many years until Dr. Harker had the school on a firm foundation and had begun to build new buildings and to create an endowment fund.

Ever a man to win friends—he must have been Dale Carnegie's tutor—Harker obtained the interest of Dr. Charles E. Welch, the grape juice king, of Andrew Carnegie, of Julius Strawn, of James MacMurray, and

hundreds of others of great and small means scattered throughout the country. It seemed one only had to meet Joseph Harker to want to help him.

Upon the close of the school term in 1925, Joseph R. Harker submitted his resignation as president. According to his earnest request, the trustees accepted it with deep regret, naming him president emeritus. Harker wanted to quit before advanced age would begin to impair his abilities and while he could expect a few years of life in which to enjoy leisure and his family. In addition to a daughter, Maude, by his first wife, his family consisted of three daughters, Elizabeth, Jenne, and Ruth, and a son Ralph, by his second wife. Two sons, younger than Ralph, Lewis and Albert, died in their early manhood.

#### EPILOGUE

Those who bewail the passing of the early pioneer days, who claim America no longer is the land of opportunity, must stand ashamed before Joseph R. Harker. To those who contend a poor boy no longer has a chance to rise in our present day world, Dr. Harker lifts his head and smilingly proves them wrong.

In 1940, at the age of eighty-seven, Dr. Joseph R. Harker died. After retirement he had lived just across the street from the school he had been largely instrumental in building, daily watching the young women of the college as they enjoyed the fruits of his efforts. The Harker home, truly was a home. The guest felt comfortable immediately. If it was a first visit, Dr. Harker watched carefully until he saw the eyes light on the fine etching of Durham Cathedral. Then with the proper encouragement, he would tell some of his life's history, always ending on the glory and promise of America. A deeply religious man, Dr. Harker never took any credit for his success with the college. He claimed he simply carried out the Father's will.

Born in poverty in England, developed in Egypt, Illinois, Joseph R. Harker, once a coal miner, without the benefit of a formal education, became the guiding genius that developed a great institution for the college training of young women.

MacMurray College rates high in its chosen field. We wonder frequently, if the young ladies who attend the college, as they are taught the finer things of life, realize that the institution that they attend, had it modern genesis, so to speak, in a coal mine of Egypt, and that the graces and learning they are taught are theirs because of a man who earned his first meager living in America by the sweat of his brow and the coal dirt on his hands.

## At Summer's End

By BEN H. SMITH

The path we loved is quite deserted  
 Green nooks are bare—  
 Where hollyhock with wild rose flirted  
 In June's slow air. . . .  
 A hush has come with the autumn weather  
 Like echoed song  
 Of two fond hearts that beat together  
 When June was long. . . .

Gone is Summer's rush and riot.  
 And bird and bee—  
 Are silent now in the pensive quiet  
 That cries to me—  
 And like the dead rose all forsaken  
 I miss you much  
 And love all things that can awaken  
 Your voice, your touch.



# Egyptian Etchings

## Cave in Rock

By JULE LE NARD

**C**AVES have played an important role in scientific research, and their influence upon and contributions to art, literature, religion, and history are invaluable. Giants, dragons, elves, and dwarfs of folklore, all inhabited caves. So also did the nymphs and sibyls of ancient Rome and its fabled founders, Romulus and Remus. Caves were the temples of the Gods of ancient Greece. From caves came the Delphic and other famous oracles. Caves of India housed marvelous ancient



*Photo by Illinois Natural History Survey*

Columbine growing in crevice of bluff above Cave in Rock

temples. Much of the history of the earliest inhabitants of our own country has been gleaned through exploration of those found here. Caves ever have offered shelter to man and beast. They have succored the oppressor as well as the oppressed. Smugglers, pirates, all types of outlaws have found refuge in them.

The United States has many famous caves. Egypt's Cave in Rock is famous not because of its size or beauty but wholly because of its location and its connection with the early settlement of the Mississippi Valley. In size it is a mere miniature when compared with some

American caves. No gleaming stalactites, stalagmites, or helictites adorn it. It is just a large tunnel-like opening in a high gray limestone bluff on the Illinois bank of the Ohio River, about twenty miles below Shawneetown, probably caused by some mighty force of water at some prehistoric time.

Its mouth, about fifty-five feet wide at the base, is semi-elliptical like a great band-shell. The cave extends horizontally about 160 feet and averages 40 feet in width. From about the center, the floor begins to incline upward and almost touches the ceiling at the extreme end where a large hole in the roof provides an exit. In the middle of the ceiling are two narrow crevices. In one of these a chimney-like hole, large enough for a man to crawl through, leads to an opening about four feet wide, ten feet high, extending across the cave. This space is often called the upper cave. No one can explain its origin. In fact, the whole structure of Cave in Rock differs so greatly from that of the average cave caused by subterranean streams that scientists are not certain as to just how it was formed. A four-foot channel in the center of the floor, apparently man-excavated through solid rock, leads in from the mouth of the cave proper. On either side of this channel are flat terraces extending inward, and like the inclined center passage, soon reaching the floor level of the cavern, resembling galleries of a great choir loft. At normal river stage, the cave is halfway between the top of the cliff and the water's edge. During floods one may paddle the full length of it.

Because of its location, the cave commands a marvelous view up and down the Ohio River. The cave early became an ideal rendezvous for daring river pirates, so numerous in pioneer days. The river at this point was wide and dotted with islands. The many curves, islands, and sandbars made it a very treacherous stretch to navigate. The clumsy flatboats of that era in river traffic, at best difficult to handle, were especially so in this part of the river. Naturally they became easy prey to the criminal habitués of Cave in Rock.

The dreadful tales connected with the depredations of such desperadoes as the Harpe Brothers, Samuel Mason, and Jim Wilson, who at different periods in its history dwelt in the cave, are far more blood-curdling than the wildest of our Wild West stories of today. The ingenuity shown in their capture proved that the keen observation, alertness, and power of deduction of our early pioneers equalled if not surpassed the most subtle work of the famous Sherlock Holmes.

No journal nor record of those early pioneer days fails to mention trips down the Ohio or to refer to the great natural wonder, Cave in Rock. The Ohio River

was the natural outlet to the great west in those days. Down it floated thousands of those early pioneers who laid the groundwork for the development of the Mississippi valley.

The Ohio long has been noted for the scenic beauty of its course. Especially was this true when this part of our country was wild and sparsely settled. No other spot then surpassed the section around Cave in Rock. Even today it retains much of this natural beauty. A series of high bluffs form its banks. Covered with velvety green-grey lichens and mosses, bedecked with clusters of columbine or other colorful seasonal flowers and crowned with large cedars, black and white oak, overhanging beeches and sycamores and masses of ferns and shrubbery, this is a truly beautiful spot at any season of the year.

A visit to Cave in Rock today causes one to reminisce, to dream. Gazing out upon the Ohio River from the

cave's entrance, picturing this scene as it was a little over one hundred years ago, one begins to realize what the settlement of this great territory really meant. It makes one appreciate the courage and fortitude of those rugged pioneers, who gladly endured hardships and bravely faced untold dangers because of their indomitable faith in the future of our great land; men to whom America of today owes much of her greatness — men whose courage still inspires us—men whose memory we'll ever revere.

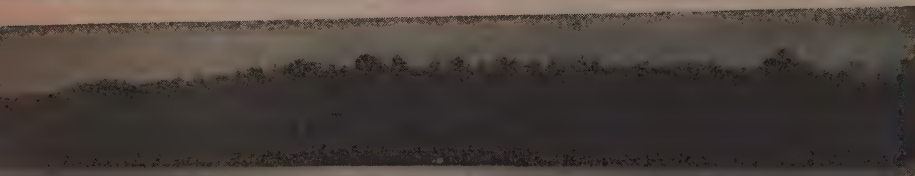
And so, since its story is so closely connected with that of those sturdy pioneers of one of the most adventurous periods of our national history, this, another of Egypt's natural wonders, Cave In Rock, will ever retain its claim to fame. While history lives and extols the heroic deeds of men of other days, this place will ever challenge the curiosity and ever hold the interest of each succeeding generation.

View of the Ohio River from the interior of Cave in Rock.

*Photo by Ill. Dept. Pub. Wks. & Bldgs.*

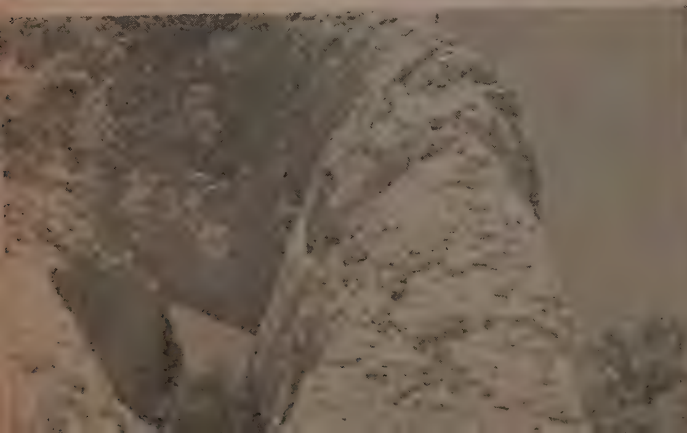






EGYPT—

*Of thee we  
sing.*







Left page—Top left—Ferne Clyffe. Top right—Rock stairway, Bell Smith Springs. Center left—Sunset on the Mississippi River from Devil's Bake Oven. (Photo by Bill Riseling, Murphysboro). Center right—Road at foot of Chalk Cliffs, Pine Hills. Bottom left—Skylight through Chalk Cliffs. Bottom right—Bell Smith Springs. Right page—Top left—Canyon, Ferne Clyffe. Top right—Little Grassy Lake, partially completed. (Egyptian Key Photo.) Center right—Chalk Cliffs, Pine Hills. Bottom left—Bell Smith Springs. Bottom right—Statue of George Rogers Clark and flags of three nations at Fort Massac State Park. (All photos by Bob Riseling, Murphysboro, except two otherwise noted).







Trillium



Geranium



Photos by Illinois Natural History Survey  
Phlox

# Wild Flowers of Egypt

By VIRGINIA CALDWELL McANDREW

**Nature is unusually lavish in her decoration of the forests, hillsides, and bottom lands of Egypt.**

**E**VEN the wild flowers have gone to war. The lowly milkweed, a familiar and common plant growing along the roadways and in the open fields, has been put to a very important use in the war. The milkweed grows from three to five feet tall, its purplish flowers ripen into green seed pods three to five inches long. The pods contain silky fibers attached to the seeds. Hundreds of school children have gathered these downy milkweed fibers. They are used in lifejackets as a substitute for kapok. In twenty-six states 4-H boys and girls this year will help harvest the milkweed floss.

The ornamental, but heretofore useless, cattail also has joined the war effort. Because of the buoyancy of the seed fibers, superior even to kapok, they are used as filling for cushions of amphibious jeeps. The cushions can also serve as life preservers. The cattail always has been regarded highly as an artistic symbol. It is much used by painters. The old Italian painters often pictured the cattail in the hands of Christ.

There is much overlapping of the North and the South in Egypt, because Illinois extends like a spearhead, down into the southern zone. Many plants, flowers, and trees of a semi-tropical nature found only in the South, and some varieties of plants found only in the North, may be seen in Egypt. An imaginary line running east and west crossing Illinois just south of Anna, Illinois, marks the approximate north and south boundaries of the plant zones. South of this line is the "Gulf Region." Anyone who has seen the beautiful magnolia trees in Cairo could hardly believe they were growing in the

northern state of Illinois. Cotton growing in Alexander County also gives one the feeling of the real South. Many trees and wild flowers indigenous to Egypt are not found in the northern part of the state, such as azalea, magnolia, and Indian pink.

There are two great divisions of wild flowers, those which grow in the forests and those which grow on the grasslands or open country. Some of the most beautiful and interesting of the wild flowers are the woodland varieties. Unfortunately, as civilization progresses, much of our forest is cut down and the natural protection for the wild flowers is lost. Forest trees also supply water for the flowers. The flowers that need the cool protection of the shade trees are becoming more scarce, while the flowers which thrive in the sunlight and the open spaces have grown more plentiful. Beautiful as are the early spring forest flowers, equally beautiful are the midsummer and early fall flowers of the prairies such as the goldenrod and the aster.

Flowers are often spoken of as living in communities, as do humans. Rarely does one see a single flower; much more often a group of flowers is seen. These groups are called flower communities.

Within recent years, as the virgin forests have been cleared and some of the loveliest of our wild flowers have grown scarcer, an effort has been made by state laws to protect them from wanton destruction. In Illinois, a law was passed by the state legislature, in 1923, protecting the following flowers: bloodroot, columbine, gentian, lady slipper, trillium, and lotus. Much more

could be accomplished by public opinion and education along this line. How much better it is to enjoy the flowers in their natural setting and to leave them for others also to admire, than to gather them and quickly see the flowers fade.

The first flowers of early spring are the forest flowers. Because at this time of year there is an abundance of moisture most of these harbingers of spring are of the bulb variety. Storing food and strength in their bulbous roots and stems, they are able to spring up and bloom before the forest trees are in leaf to shade them.

One of the earliest and most familiar of the Egyptian wild flowers is the dainty little spring beauty, which blooms in late March and early April in Southern Illinois; a small pink five-petaled flower with grass-like leaves. The flowers are about three or four inches high and about an inch in size. They sometimes cover the ground with a pale pink carpet.

Other early flowers are: bloodroot, lady slipper, dog-tooth violet, bluet, hepatica, and Jack-in-the-pulpit. This last one is a true forest flower, never seen except in the moist forest land. About twelve to eighteen inches high, this most interesting and unusual plant is all green with brown and purple markings. The name comes from the little green hood over the flower resembling the old fashioned pulpit with a canopy top. It also is called Indian turnip, as the Indians boiled the root to take out the strong bitter "bite" and then used it for food. Jack-in-the-pulpit blooms in April or May. The lovely bloodroot has white flowers, but gets its name from the red juice in the stem and root. This red coloring was used by the Indians on their faces as war paint.

May is indeed the month of wild flowers in Egypt; the woodlands and meadows are a natural flower garden of dainty blossoms. Spring flowers seem smaller and more delicate than those of summer and fall.

The anemone, often mentioned in legend and story, is



Photo by Illinois Natural History Survey  
Spring beauty and violet

primarily, a plant of the North, but is found in Southern Illinois. The Greek poets said the fallen tears of Venus, shed for her lover, Adonis, as she wandered in the woods, caused this flower to spring up. The white blossoms of the anemone come out in early May.

One of the loveliest and most beautiful of the spring flowers is the Virginia bluebell. In a rather low, moist, spot near Crab Orchard Lake there is an area literally covered with these heavenly blue bells and their delicate pink buds. They grow on brook lands and in ravines



Photo by Illinois Natural History Survey  
Jack-in-the-Pulpit

such as those along the winding roads to Williams Hill. In April and May this modest flower with its drooping bells rivals in beauty the famed bluebell of Scotland. About one or two feet tall with clusters of bells two or three inches long, it is seen easily. Much rarer and not so noticeable is the tiny harebell, its fragile little bloom only about one-half inch in size.

One of the most common and best loved of the spring flowers is the wild blue phlox which usually grows along streams or in moist forest land although often found bordering country lanes. There are several varieties of this flower, but the most familiar one is the bluish-lilac colored one. On the banks of the Mississippi River not far from Jonesboro, Illinois, the ground is blue with these sturdy flowers in early May. Also of the phlox family are the more pink blossoms, commonly called wild sweet William. The wild hyacinth, similar to the cultivated variety, and the wild geranium or cranesbill as it is sometimes called, are among the blue or purple flowers of spring.

The most elusive and rare of all our wild flowers is the lady slipper. Never venturing out of the deep woods this lovely member of the orchid family has been the victim of ruthless wild flower gatherers until it is almost extinct. There are several kinds of lady slipper, or mocasin flower, as it is sometimes called. Large and most beautiful, the showy lady slipper is partly white with an inflated lip of rosy pink. It grows six to fifteen inches high. There is also a yellow lady slipper of a delicate light yellow. This plant is one of the flowers protected by law in Illinois.

Most state flowers are wild flowers. Our own state flow-



er is the violet, that most familiar and best loved little flower of early spring, and of all the wild flowers the one most looked for and enjoyed by all. There are many varieties of violet found in Egypt: white, yellow, bird's-foot, etc., but the state flower is the best known—the



Photo by Illinois Natural History Survey  
May apple

common purple or blue flowered one with the large heart-shaped green leaves.

The Illinois General Assembly, in 1908, officially made the violet the state flower. The oak is the state tree and the cardinal the state bird. Blooming in April and early May, the blue violet is found growing wild in moist forest and meadows. About six inches in height, and with flowers an inch in size, it shades from deep violet, or purple, to blue or lavender. It has been urged that violets not be picked unless they are very abundant as the wild violets are getting scarcer every year. So well known

and admired is the violet over the entire United States, it has been selected by three other states as their state flower: Rhode Island, Wisconsin, and New Jersey.

Other flowers of spring and early summer found in Egypt are: Solomon's seal, rock bells or wild columbine, false Solomon's seal, lupine, May apple, butter and eggs, lobelia, blue verbena, wild mint, and Indian pink. The Solomon's seal has a graceful stem dripping with tiny white bell flowers which become small green berries and ripen to a gray blue by autumn. Since the plant is a perennial, each year's growth leaves a scar on the root-stalk from which the name is derived. The false Solomon's seal bears its flowers in a cluster at the end of its long graceful stem. The leaves are very similar to those of the real Solomon's seal.

Columbine in shades of red and yellow is a true native of America. It is very hardy and grows even where it scarcely can get root as in the crevices of the cliffs above Cave in Rock. The story is told that a young colonist in America sent plants of the columbine to be set out in the gardens of King Charles I at Hampden Court. Another Egyptian wild flower which is cultivated in the gardens of England is the Virginia spiderwort. Its bright blue flowers last only a few hours in the morning. It also was sent to be planted in the Hampden Court gardens of King Charles I. Its botanical name, *tradescantia virginiana* is in honor of John Tradescant, gardener to Charles I. The dayflower is easily confused with spiderwort. Its nodding blue blossoms are common along the railroad tracks.

An interesting flower found only in the southern part of Illinois is the Indian pink. Its small flowers along a one-sided spike stem, are bright red on the outside and yellow within. The flower tubes or corolla are so long that nectar cannot be reached by the bees which leaves the pollination to butterflies and hummingbirds. The Indian pink often appears in the background of Audubon's paintings.

Many of the native wild flowers of Egypt are to be found at Giant City State Park, especially the early spring forest flowers because of the protection of the trees in the wooded parts of the park. The yellow, and more rarely white, fawn lily, or dogtooth violet grows there, as do trillium or wake-robin, bloodroot, spring beauty, Dutchman's breeches, Jack-in-the-pulpit, lady slipper, and most varieties of violet. Other flowers found in the park are: shooting star, yellow star grass, ruellia, primrose, green dragon, daisy fleabane, bergamot, flowering spurge, and bird's-foot violet, so called because the leaves are shaped like a bird's foot, with five points. Ferns of every sort and size grace rocks and crevices.

One of the flowers of late spring or early summer is the red lily. Orange-red in color, shading to yellow in the center, the flowers grow in clusters of about three at the end of a long stem. With its lance-like leaves it frequently is seen growing along road sides. Everyone is familiar with other roadside friends such as wild mustard, chicory, sorrel, and the ever present gold of the dandelion.

As spring blossoms into summer, other and different wild flowers appear. This is the season for the flowers of fields and open spaces, flowers that thrive in the hot sunshine. One of the loveliest of these appearing in the early summer, is the familiar pink wild rose. Seen along road sides and in fence corners, its beautiful five-



petaled pink blossom with deep yellow stamens is lovely indeed. Four states have chosen the wild rose as their state flower: Iowa, North Dakota, Georgia, and New York. All of the beautiful varieties of cultivated roses have been developed from the simple wild rose. It blooms in May and June in Egypt.

Familiar in our sloughs and ponds are the romantic water lilies with their large flat leaves on the water's surface, the yellow long stemmed lotus, the dainty white arrowhead lilies, named for their graceful arrowhead shaped leaves, and the narrow blue flag. A large lotus bed on State Highway 1, just east of Norris City, comes into full bloom in July and August.

As midsummer comes, the field flowers which flourish in the hot sun in the open lands break into bloom. One of the commonest is the wild carrot, sometimes called more romantically Queen Anne's lace. The flowers in the form of an umbel, are white of a delicate lace-like appearance. Pretty as this flower is, it is somewhat of a pest to farmers. Some one said, "The farmers wish Queen Anne had kept her lace at home." Other well known flowers that love the dry and sunny fields and road sides of midsummer are: white oxeye daisy, the yellow black-eyed Susan, pink bouncing Bet, and lavender thistle.

In the early days many of the wild flowers were used by the Indians and early settlers for medicinal purposes and the berries and fruit for food. Many legends and stories are told about these by the Indians and pioneers in this region. The Joe-Pye weed, or purple boneset, which blooms in August and September, one of the purple flowers of late summer and member of the aster family, gets its name from an Indian herb doctor, Joe Pye, who claimed he cured typhus fever with extractions of that weed.

The tall yellow spikes and velvet leaves of the common mullein, another lover of the dry hot meadows, are familiar to all. Hummingbirds gather the fuzz from



*Photo by Illinois Natural History Survey*

#### Iris

the mullein leaves to line their nests. The mullein in early days was highly regarded for medicinal purposes and the stock was dipped in tallow to make torches.

Among the brilliantly colored flowers of midsummer is the butterfly weed, whose bright orange blossoms are very attractive to butterflies. This plant also was used by the Indians as medicine and food. The root was used

#### Bluebells

*Photo by Illinois Natural History Survey*







*Photos by Illinois Natural History Survey*

Left—White water lily. Right—American Lotus

to treat pleurisy and the green seed pods were cooked with buffalo meat.

One of the largest and showiest of all wild flowers is the rose mallow. In swamps and along river banks, it grows about four to six feet high and with flowers about four to eight inches in size, white or a pale pink in color.

The familiar red clover is the subject of many superstitions. The saying "living in clover" denotes prosperity. A four leaf clover is regarded as good luck. An old superstition is that to dream of clover foretells a happy marriage. Another one is that the finder of a four leaf clover will see his sweetheart before the day is over. The red clover was much used by the herb doctors in the early days. A syrup made from the blossoms was thought to cure whooping cough. Many other wild members of the clover family help to enrich the land.

As summer wanes and the beautiful yellow and purple flowers of autumn come on, one feels a sense of sadness that summer is nearly over. The welcomed flowers of spring are rivaled in beauty by the late summer ones. The wild flowers go out in a blaze of glory as goldenrod and Spanish needles literally cover the ground with their "cloth of gold."

There are eighty-five varieties of goldenrod in the United States, thirty-three of which are found in Illinois. The best known and most familiar is the Oldfield goldenrod. Three states, Nebraska, Kentucky, and Alabama, have selected some variety of goldenrod as their

state flower. In August and September, it lifts its golden plume along the roadways and in open fields.

Spanish needles in late summer often cover whole fields and low lands with a solid sheet of yellow bloom. Similar to daisies in shape, they are a bright clear yellow. The common sunflower, so well known in Egypt, is at home all over the world. Many uses are found for its seed. Oil is extracted and used commercially and the seed itself is used as food in Russia, China, Central and South America. In Peru, the ancient Incas gave the sunflower religious significance because of its resemblance to the sun. They made images in pure gold of the sunflower. It is the state flower of Kansas.

Along with the yellow flowers of late summer are the purple ones. The iron weed and blazing star give touches of royal purple to the scene. Dainty wild asters blend their pale lavender into the landscape. The blazing star, one of the most beautiful, has a tall spike which shoots up in late August and is similar to the cattail in size and shape. So stately is this flower, it has been used in recent years by city florists. It grows wild in Egypt and is not found in many other places in the United States. The flowers grow about two to four feet high and are a beautiful deep lavender hue. The pink tone of the fields of fall comes from the smartweed or lady's thumb.

As autumn retreats before the force of winter, Egyptians wait patiently for the coming of the spring and the repeat performance of the wild flowers on Nature's stage.

## When the Leaves Fall in Egypt

By BEN H. SMITH

When the leaves fall in Egypt  
Friend, you should come down,  
When the frost has them painted  
With gold and with brown.  
When the wind in the trees  
Sings its old melodies,  
When the leaves fall in Egypt  
That's the time to come down.

When the quail calls in Egypt  
Then's the time to be here,  
When the apples are ripened  
And the corn's in the ear.  
Then the harvest we gather  
Storing it from the weather,  
When the quail calls in Egypt  
Then's the time to be here.

When the frost falls in Egypt  
And the grass has grown sere,  
By these tokens we know  
That Thanksgiving is near,  
And we offer our praise  
To the Lord of our days,  
When the frost falls in Egypt  
In the fall of the year.



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# King Cotton

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

De war drums roll  
An' cotton am King.  
An' dere's work for all God's chilluns.  
So git to work;  
Ketch up dem mules,  
Gotta help dem do der killuns.

Clear out dis swamp;  
Cut down dese trees;  
Pile dat black earth in furrows.  
Shoo off de birds;  
Kill off de fish;  
Chase ole rabbit from his burrows.

Burn up dat bresh;  
Plough roun' dem stumps;  
Ready dem ridges for de seeds.  
Git out dat hoe;  
Chop down dat grass;  
Cotton cain't grow as fast as weeds.

Dis war will end;  
Den lan' kin lay  
And bleed life blood down de river;  
Den birds will sing  
An' trees will grow;  
De Lord am a quick forgiver.

Den peace will walk  
All thru the lan'  
An' heal man's wicked wastin' ways.  
Oh, praise de Lord  
Dat you kin work  
An' plough de lan' an' it obeys



# Jehu Baker

By WILLIAM U. HALBERT

The jurist, statesman, diplomat, who inaugurated the good neighbor policy in South America almost seventy years ago.

A GROUP of young men, who had arranged a deer hunt, stepped stealthily through the woods. Each finding a good spot, stood armed in the ambush awaiting a deer. Suddenly, a fine buck with beautiful antlers walked in full view past Jehu Baker. As quickly as he raised his rifle to shoot, he dropped it again—without firing a shot. Years later, Jehu reminisced to young Samuel M. Lougeay, now a doctor, "My boy, I looked at that animal and said to myself 'what harm has that beast ever done to me?' and lowered the gun and did not shoot." This incident well describes the kind of a life Jehu Baker lived, and shows one of the reasons he was so well liked by peoples of other nations as well as our own. A jurist, statesman, and diplomat, Jehu Baker was born November 4, 1822, in Fayette County, Kentucky. His parents, William and Margaret (Caldwell) Baker, were both of English ancestry and lived in this country before the American Revolution.

Jehu's education was far above the average, for at the age of seven, the Baker family moved from Kentucky into Illinois and settled on a farm near Lebanon, in St. Clair County. He attended the common schools during the winter months. Later, in 1858, he was graduated from McKendree College with the degree of A. M. and received the degree of LL.D. in 1882, at the time he published his book *The Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans*.

After studying law in Belleville, he was admitted to the bar in 1848, and immediately opened a law office in that city. The next year, he opened a school in the Methodist Church building, which he discontinued about six months later to become editor of the *Belleville Daily Advocate*. During the Civil War days from 1861 to 1865 he was the master in chancery of St. Clair County. At leading and serving the people, Jehu Baker undoubtedly was a success for he was elected to the United States House of Representatives from the Belleville District in 1864 and re-elected in 1866. He was again elected to Congress in 1886, and once again in 1896. In 1878, President Hayes appointed Baker United States Minister to Venezuela, South America. Jehu held this office for eight years until his successor was appointed by President Grover Cleveland.

On April 28, 1856, Jehu Baker married Miss Olive Waite of Alton, Illinois. They had one child, Margaret. Mrs. Baker died in 1865. Nine years later, Jehu married Mrs. Mary West Robertson of Belleville, Illinois. They had one daughter, Priscilla, who died in infancy at Caracas, Venezuela, while Baker was the American Minister there. Becoming quite fond of a young Venezuelan orphan girl of fourteen years, the Bakers brought the

girl back to the United States with them from Venezuela in 1886. Known as Lola Baker, the girl lived with them as an adopted child until her marriage.

Diagonally opposite the First Presbyterian Church, on South High Street in Belleville, and north of the R. A. Halbert homestead, stands a nine room two story brick colonial building, home of Jehu Baker from 1869 until 1903. Living next door during this time, I was privileged on many occasions to enjoy hours of social and inspiring conversations with Jehu.

A life long friend of Colonel John Thomas, pioneer and soldier of the Black Hawk War, Jehu Baker was the principle speaker at the birthday celebration held in Colonel Thomas' honor on his ninety-third birthday. Jehu spoke feelingly in a reminiscent vein of the vivid experiences they had known, and telegrams were read from Richard J. Oglesby and Lyman Trumbull.

The home on South High Street, was brightly lighted and filled with laughter and friendly chatter as I entered the house, and stood watching Jehu Baker, a tall, well built man, with gray eyes and hair, erect and dignified, greeting the throngs of people from his library door in the hall of his home. Jehu had just returned from Venezuela and his friends from places both near and far had come to express their sincere gladness on his return and to give him a friendly handclasp.

In speaking to a friend or a neighborhood boy, Jehu was inclined to be kindly and down to earth in the manner of his talk; while in his public addresses his words were spoken with deliberation and distinctness and with the assurance of certainty due to his judicious thinking, with gestures at times most emphatic and telling. He was a powerful speaker with a physique strong and active acquired from following the plow and working on the farm of his parents as a young man. An eloquent and forcible speaker, the announcement that Jehu Baker would address a public meeting meant a large and enthusiastic crowd and an out-pouring of the people to listen to his able presentation of the political issues of the day.

There were two prominent stepping-stones in Baker's career—the book he wrote entitled *The Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans* and the Bloomington speech entitled "The Rebellion." In this article I shall take pointed and instructive extracts from both to illustrate his usual careful, methodical, and logical treatment of the subject under consideration.

During the period of the Civil War, this pioneer pathfinder in the political field, held a public meeting spell-bound for three hours, in the Hall of Representatives of the Illinois State Legislature at the State Capitol (now





Home of Jehu Baker, Belleville.

the Sangamon County Court House) at Springfield, Illinois, when he delivered his great oration entitled "The Rebellion" on the causes and results of that conflict. The same address was made later at Bloomington, Illinois, on March 20, 1863, and at Belleville, Illinois, on March 28, 1863, with like effects. Later it was printed in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages by the Belleville Advocate Book and Job Office. This so-called "Bloomington Speech" established the reputation and standing of Jehu Baker as a national political leader in the Midwest and even now, as I read a copy of that speech, I am deeply moved although I do not have the impressive presence of the orator and the living electricity of the audiences as was had at Springfield, Bloomington, and Belleville.

The speech was arranged in eight divisions in logical sequence: principle of success, causes of the rebellion, necessity of suppressing the rebellion, legality of the President's proclamation, suppression of habeas corpus, disintegration and consolidation, the remedial policy based upon the duty of a nation to secure the happiness of its people and to provide for its preservation and to seek its own perfection, and the conclusion. In his closing remarks, he made this striking statement: "Laboring men of America: hard-handed, sunburnt, coarsely clad, laboring men of America! What language can fitly express the divine force that lies in your hearts and your arms! What praise is equal to the service you have rendered and will render for the salvation of the Republic that has so well guarded your liberties and your rights! The depots of the whole North have witnessed scenes of departure at the drum beat of your country's call, which are calculated to move every feeling heart. The old mother, the wife, the sister, and the little children all in rude gear and gathered in weeping groups as the steam whistle announces farewell!"

Baker always favored a protective tariff for American labor and industry, and he held his position as a national leader in the Republican party by defeating William R. Morrison, "Horizontal Bill," of Waterloo, on the tariff issue for Congress in the Belleville District in 1886. Because of these tariff issues the Republican party again won out in the presidential campaign of 1888, and the congressional career of Jehu Baker reached its zenith in grand achievements for the benefit of his countrymen.

During the years 1865-1869 spent as a Congressman, Jehu labored shoulder to shoulder with the giants of the Reconstruction Period: James G. Blaine, John A. Logan, Roscoe Conkling, Lyman Trumbull, Benjamin Harrison, and Rutherford B. Hayes. Baker took an active part in the discussions in Congress, which led to the enactment of three amendments to the Federal Constitution: the Thirteenth Amendment—dealing with the prohibiting of slavery; the Fourteenth Amendment—extending the privileges of citizenship to the Negro; and the Fifteenth Amendment—affirming that the rights of the citizens to vote shall not be denied on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Jehu was a free silver man. When the Republican Party adopted the gold standard, he joined the Populist Party, whose views were along the same line as his, and was nominated by that party in convention for Congress. Later with the endorsement of the Democratic party, he was again elected to office by the people. At the close of this term of office in 1899, he retired from politics.

On April 26, 1878, Jehu Baker went to Venezuela, South America, as the United States Minister to that country. Serving for eight years, he succeeded the American minister, Judge Thomas Russell, former Collector of the Port of Boston, who had been appointed by President U. S. Grant and who had retired from the South American post because of difficulties that arose with the Antonio Guzman Blanco government then in power in Venezuela. The government of the day, later, in 1879, became anti-Guzman temporarily, while the Dictator was in Paris as Minister to France. Guzman had virtual control of his country from 1870 to 1893 and during that period education was improved, the economic resources were developed, and the finances strengthened. As a diplomat, Baker always acted as a model public official, and amid the turmoil of revolutions was well liked by the Venezuelans and popular with all classes.

Thomas Russell Ybarra, a grandson of the former American Minister, wrote a book entitled *Young Man of Caracas*. In this thrilling and masterly narrative of the people and country of Venezuela he makes a personal mention of Jehu Baker in a letter dated February 10, 1879, from Nellie Russell Ybarra, wife of General Alesandro Ybarra during the revolution, as follows: "Mr. Baker (the American Minister) has behaved very well. He came last night offering me the legation, if we should need the protection of the flag. . . ."

Forseeing the development of trade relations between the United States and South America, Baker, as a United States Minister made a place for himself as a good neighbor and friend in Latin America, giving much of his time and attention to the consideration of the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain. This dispute was settled in 1895, during the administration of President Cleveland.

I would like to point out the profound philosophical nature of Jehu Baker as an author and review his book *The Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans*, for doubtless herein, the genius of Jehu Baker and his great intellect will ever flame brightly for those who may desire to know the man by re-reading and pondering upon this old, yet ever new, historical work.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few, to be chewed and digested" states Francis Bacon in the Essay Number 1 *Of Studies* and *The*

*Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans* belongs to the last class, to be chewed and digested, for Jehu Baker writes "Like the driving of Jehu, son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously" (2 Kings IX: 20).

Finished in 1876, except for some minor revisions, *The Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans* is one subject against which time runs slowly, and the book is not merely a translation of Montesquieu's treatise, but "The Romans are used as a nexus for all antiquity and the general movement of the world's civilization sought to be inferred," says its author.

Continuing, Baker wrote: "Viewed as a single phenomenon, developing in time, the Roman law is deeply marked by two fundamental characters. On the one hand it is largely made up of 'Survivals' from the barbarous state of society in which it took its origin; and on the other it gradually drew to itself and appropriated more enlightened principles of justice. Of the second sort, there is a fine illustration in the capital legal conception that all human law ought to be brought into conformity with the law of nature—a recognition of the 'Higher Law' which laid at the foundation of the great and solid jural progress which the Romans made. With regards to liberty, the theory of the Roman law was even superior to the theories of the most eminent of the Greek philosophers, but the Roman lawyers rose to the simple and uniform conception that, by the Law of Nature, Liberty is the status of all men, and that slavery, in contravention to this law, drove its origin from the usages of war; for wars ensued, and from these sprang captivity and slavery, which are contrary to natural justice; for by the law of nature all men are born free."

This gifted man spoke not only his own native American language but also, both French and Spanish fluently, and was conversant with other languages, the ancient Greek and Latin. This is shown in his book in the translation of the original French work of Montesquieu and the notes and comments of the translator, Jehu Baker.

Jehu Baker led a very quiet life after his retirement from Congress in 1899, spending many hours reminiscing with the younger men of town. In his last years, he became totally blind and then the friendships he had made in all the past years, began to pay dividends—the younger men would visit him, reading and conversing with him.

After his death, Jehu was buried in beautiful Green Mount Cemetery three miles southeast of Belleville where many of the distinguished citizens of that community are buried. The grave is located on the right side of the lane at the entrance, and is marked by a red granite monument erected in loving remembrance by his daughter Margaret with the words selected by her, engraved thereon:

#### JEHU BAKER

Jurist, Statesman, Diplomat

born Nov. 4, 1822 died Mar. 1, 1903

Margaret, Jehu's sole descendant, and for many years a teacher in the Belleville Public Schools, later disposed of the Baker homestead and moved to Heber Springs in Cleburn County, Arkansas. She married Charles Harrington, a veteran of the Civil War and lived there for several years in their cottage on the mountain side nearby. Both have since died leaving no descendants of Jehu Baker to survive.

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Battery of twenty-six coke ovens at West Frankfort plant of Midwest-Radiant Corporation.

# Meeting a Challenge

By RICHARD BALDWIN

Jeffrey-built washer and preparation plant, Millstadt



**I**N RECENT years there have been many changing conditions within and without the coal industry which have brought about changes in the demands of consumers of coal. The coal industry has sought to improve cleanliness and convenience in the use of its product. It has had to be alert with modern methods and modern equipment to meet these changes and to adapt its product to the new demands.

Among the developments which have taken place in some urban communities in recent years has been the trend away from smoke. The citizenry of these communities has considered smoke a nuisance, detrimental to its health, to its prosperity, and to its pleasure. In some communities an all-out campaign to "clear the skies" has been inaugurated. These campaigns have met with great success and what was once the number one community problem has now become the number one community asset.

You ask what are the coal producers going to do about it and how are they, at the same time, to protect their prosperity and their investments during the peaceable future to come when there no longer will exist the vastly expanded need for coal occasioned by the war and for war industries?

The answer is simple. It will be found in ways and means to make the coal that they produce conform to the strict anti-smoke regulations of their urban markets. The coal industry, nationally and collectively, is now engaged in an extensive program of research with this as one of their very important objectives. Likewise, the Illinois State Geological Survey Division, under the leadership of Dr. M. M. Leighton, is well aware of the necessity of a solution to this important problem and is conscientiously devoting itself to it.

In the meantime, it is being solved in a practical way at two operating plants located in Egypt. These are the coal carbonizing plants of the Midwest-Radiant Corporation, one located at West Frankfort, Illinois, and the other near Millstadt, Illinois.

These plants consist of batteries of twenty-six ovens at West Frankfort and of twenty larger ovens at Millstadt. These, known as the sole-flue type of oven, lend themselves admirably to the carbonization, or coking, of Illinois coal.

Illinois coal is generally considered to be an expanding and non-coking type of coal but at these plants nothing but 100% Illinois No. 6 Seam coal is used. Nothing is added. There is no secret ingredient nor foreign substance mixed in with the coal. Here, this Illinois coal is being carbonized and thus being made to conform to the anti-smoke regulations of its urban markets.

Reducing the process used to its simplest non-technical terms it may be readily described in the following way:

Coal is charged into ovens which are air-sealed and by the application of heat, the smoke, or volatile matter, is driven from the coal in the form of gas and tar. The coal is baked in these sealed ovens for approximately eleven hours. The remaining mass of fuel which is produced, after cooling and further screening and sizing, is one that has many advantages for hand-fired domestic burning.

It is smokeless, sootless, and clean. Likewise, it is economical—not only from the standpoint of the efficiency with which all coke-like fuels burn (a fact with which the layman has little familiarity or little means of measurement) but also it is economical from the stand-

point that it is low in price. Thus it is ideal in meeting the consumer demand developed by the desires and determination to rid urban communities from smoke.

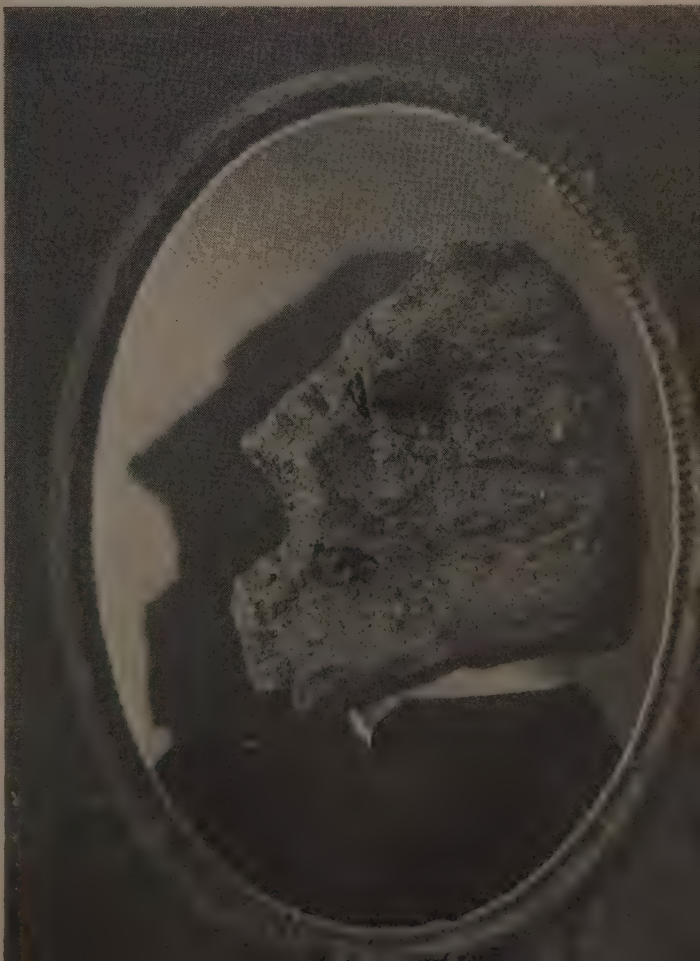
Such a process also has the added advantage in that it makes more efficient use of this vital source of energy—coal. Instead of the smoke being driven off and wasted, as in the normal burning process, it is conserved; for in saving the smoke, the valuable by-products of coal (tar and gas) for which there are many uses, are saved. This will be an even more important factor in the post-war world.

The West Frankfort plant, which was built in 1934, is the source of the illuminating gas used domestically for cooking and heating by the residents of five towns in Egypt and in their surrounding communities. At this plant seventy men are employed. They have the job security of continuous employment. The plants never can be shut down because to cool off the brick work of the hot ovens would cause irreparable damage to them. They therefore must operate on a round-the-clock basis, day in and day out.

The more recent coal carbonizing plant built near Millstadt, in 1939, gives employment to some sixty men on the same continually operating basis.

The fact that these plants must not be shut down brings about a unique situation, which emphasizes the true community of interest between management and labor. Management would lose the investment for which

Portrait of Illinois coal made smokeless.





it is responsible and labor would lose its jobs.

In conjunction with the Millstadt operation, the company owns and operates a modern strip mine and coal preparation plant, which produced 625,000 tons of washed coal in 1943 and which employs some ninety-six men. The coal washery and preparation plant is one of the most recently built in Illinois. This modern plant assures the management that it will have the cleanest possible raw material available for its further processing to smokeless fuel. It also assures the company that the coal which it sells is being produced and prepared by the most modern means that science thus far has devised. A substantial amount of the production is sold as prepared washed coal.

Coal is the source of many familiar articles today, such as for instance, milady's nylon hose. Coal is the basis for many chemicals, dyestuffs, drugs, plastics, explosives, and disinfectants made from what are commonly called coal tar products.

Prior to the war the two million-odd gallons of tar produced annually at these two plants were being sold as preservatives for forest products. The main use was the preservation of railroad ties. Presently, its high

content of tar acids oils is going into war products under the direction of the War Production Board. They are vitally needed in our war effort. The possibilities for utilization of this valuable by-product of coal have almost endless romantic potentialities for the future.

No lesser an authority than the Secretary of the Interior, who is also Solid Fuels Administrator for War, said in the spring of 1943: "A new industry based on the use of coal looms on the not too distant horizon. Outstanding among drastic changes the world conflict is bringing about is the use of coal on a scale for purposes never before seriously considered even in its heyday, as the nation's overwhelming preponderant source of fuel for energy. The use of coal for new purposes and in ever greater quantities should vary our economic pattern. It scarcely can fail to increase the size and importance of many industries, while creating new but powerful ones."

Thus, this is what at least one company which has its grass roots in Egypt, is doing to meet the challenge. Its management is optimistic and enthusiastic about the future, knowing that its efforts will be proved worthwhile as long as the greater and more efficient utilization is in the public interest.

Summer storage at Millstadt plant.



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spring mattresses now. Word  
from Washington indicates that  
we may be able to do so by  
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will restore them to our line as  
soon as possible.

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Carbondale, Illinois



**Rodgers & Yale Theatres**

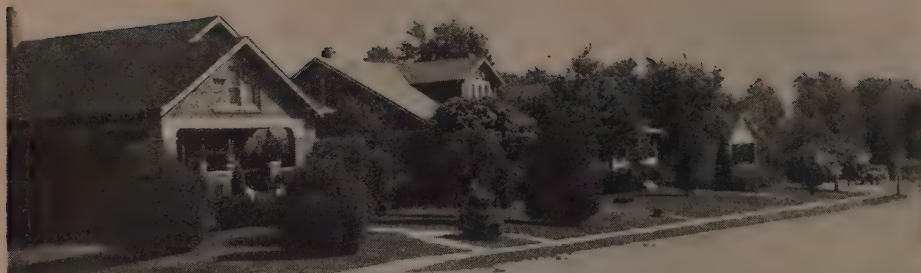
Anna, Illinois



**Gem & Rodgers Theatres**

Cairo, Illinois





Residential  
section  
Steeleville.

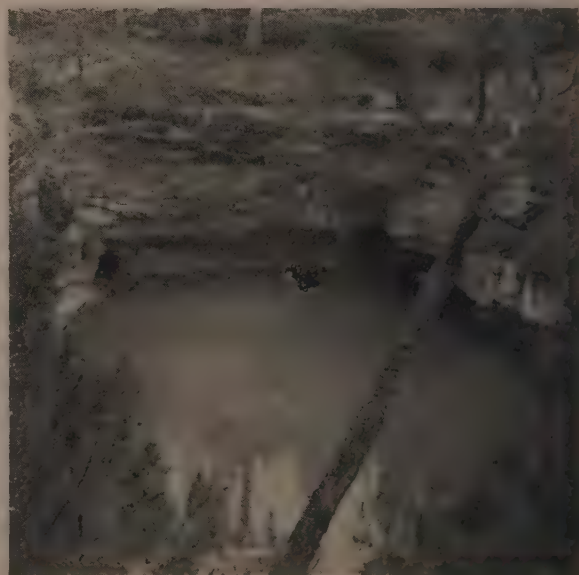
*Photo by  
Russell W. Orr,  
Steeleville.*

# Rocks and Rills, Castles and Mills

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH



Left — Rock Castle. (Egyptian Key Photo). Top right — Steeleville residence. Bottom right — Devil's Hole (Photos by Russell W. Orr).





Left—Residence, Steeleville. Right—Gorge, Rock Castle Creek. (Photos by Russell W. Orr).



**ROCK CASTLE CREEK!** Doesn't that sound inviting? It is inviting, yet so few know about it. Rock Castle Creek takes its meandering way around over Randolph County. It rises in the eastern side of the county and empties into Marys River after flowing over miles of rock—some places cutting through, some places slipping over. Within easy walking distance from Shiloh Hill, or halfway between Rockwood and Steeleville, is Nature's own park. The natives of Randolph County have long known and loved it.

For two miles the old creek bed is flat, moss covered, brown rock. The banks are worn sandstone cut and eroded through the ages by rushing water. At one spot there is a pool, "Devil's Hole," bottomless "they" say. Except after heavy rains, there is not much water in the creek bed, only pools for the sunshine to shimmer on through the trees. Beauty, beauty, everywhere.

During some earthly upheaval, maybe the 1811 Madrid earthquake, a great section of cliff broke off and moved a few feet away, leaving an alleyway about 200 feet long and from 15 to 18 feet wide. At another spot there is a cave. Go and explore for yourself.

The only road to Rock Castle natural park is a dirt one leading from "the biggest little city in Illinois," Steeleville. The road meets the paved highway, (State

43 and State 150 coincide through the town), at the corner east of a fine new building.

Egypt proudly acclaims this town of 1500 that can boast a new movie theater with two sound proof baby cry-rooms! Whereas in most of the big city theaters a mother cannot enjoy a picture show without disturbing the other theater patrons with her crying baby, in Steeleville's ultra modern theater, she may view the entire show through plate glass windows of a sound proof baby room! This is a part of the marked development that steadily has improved Steeleville in the last five years.

Below—Steeleville public school. (Photo by Russell W. Orr). Right—Scene along Rock Castle Creek. (Egyptian Key Photo).





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The new Webster Theater building also houses the printing plant of the local newspaper, the *Steeleville Ledger*. The town is the seat of agricultural and industrial activities in Randolph County, Illinois.

Captain John Steele, a Revolutionary War soldier, made the first settlement in the eastern part of Randolph County, coming from Virginia with his family in covered wagons. They brought the necessary implements for farming, and the tools with which to build homes. In 1812, a fortified house with portholes in the second floor for protection against hostile Indians, was built on the Shawneetown-Kaskaskia Trail which ran through what is now the northern part of the present town. Enough other settlers had come into the vicinity to form a village by 1825.

Then George Steele, son of Captain Steele, laid the foundation of the present town by erecting a treadmill. He called his village Georgetown. Another village, incorporated about 1860, was named Alma. The marriage of Alma and Georgetown soon became Steele's Mills. In 1833, the name was changed to Steeleville.

Today, farm homesteads and rich fields cover the same prairies, hills, and bottoms, where the pioneer broke the raw land and sowed wheat, turning the Steeleville area into a vast field which has since produced many thousand bushels of wheat each year. Deep seated ambitions in the hearts of the settlers came, through the years, to the present generation; the pioneer days of the mill link the old with the new era. The present Gilster Mill, large and modern in every respect, is the heart of Steeleville, bringing in farmers from many miles around, to sell their grain and to buy feed.

Old records show that the government granted the land, on which the Gilster Mill stands, to Jacob Bowerman on July 31, 1816. Captain Parker purchased it from Bowerman and erected a flour mill in 1859. The brick portion of the present structure has been a landmark ever since. When H. F. Stinde became the owner in 1875, he desired a round corner on the west side of the new office he was building. He soaked the bricks with water to soften them and with sandpaper rubbed them down to the shape needed. The result and evidence of his patience stands today as a tribute to his pride in the mill.

Albert H. Gilster became the owner of the mill May 25, 1897. At that time the mill had a fifty barrel a day capacity. A cooper shop was built and 40 to 50 barrels a day were made. Now, comparatively few barrels are used in packing flour as flour in sacks is most in demand. The mill has been enlarged and improved through the eighty-five years until it now has a 700 barrel capacity. Entirely modern and fire proof, it produces a flour especially adapted to pastry baking made from soft red winter wheat.

The International Shoe Company's factory, with its \$32,000 payroll, from the standpoint of cash disbursed and number employed, probably is Steeleville's leading industry. The Streamline Mine of the Southwestern Illinois Coal Corporation, a huge stripping operation, adds to the activity of the community. The \$30,000 mine payroll, as well as the shoe company's payroll, is handled by the First National Bank of Steeleville, the only bank in a territory extending in a radius of fifteen to twenty miles and serving 5,000 people.

Some forty-odd business establishments, a monument works, a stock trading barn, and a hatchery make the



Left—Residence, Main Street, Steeleville. Right—Business district, Steeleville. (Photos by Russell W. Orr).

little city important in the area. Steeleville is a town of homes; many new ones, modern beauties.

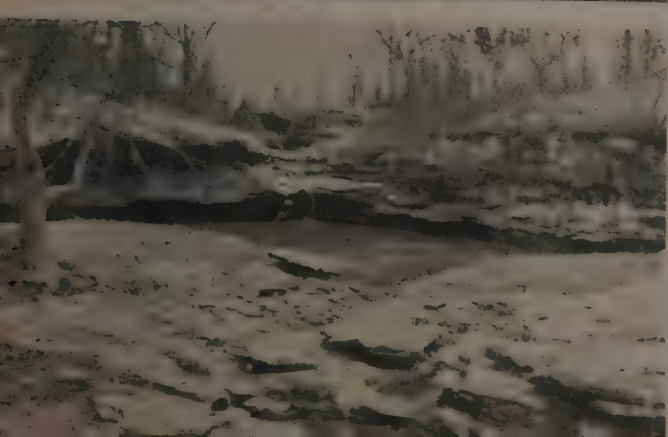
Though Rock Castle Creek and Marys River run “all around, all around,” Steeleville’s fine municipal water system is based on deep wells and surpasses the most rigid requirements of the State Health Department.

The natural surroundings make hunting good in hills and bottoms. Fox and coon hunting are done extensively by those who enjoy the sound of the hounds. The local chapter of the Sportsmen’s Club has been given complete control of one of the lakes of the Southwestern Illinois Coal Corporation. The club keeps the lake stocked,

polices it and the surrounding hunting area. Red and gray squirrel, rabbit, and quail are plentiful on the hills and in the valleys of the two streams.

Steeleville citizens want Egypt to enjoy their good things with them, and, as soon as automobile restrictions are lifted, desire visitors from everywhere. Steeleville citizens want a good all weather road built down through the hills so that you, as well as they, may enjoy Rock Castle natural park. A co-operative spirit on the part of Egypt for this project will bring it to the attention of the State authorities and will add another scenic attraction to Egypt.

Top left—New theater, Steeleville. Bottom left—Old Swimming Hole, Rock Castle Creek. (Photos by Russell W. Orr). Right—Scene, Rock Castle Creek. (Egyptian Key photo).







Mississippi River from Devil's Bake Oven at north end of Grand Tower. Tower Rock in center background against Missouri shore.

*Egyptian Key photo.*

## THANKSGIVING

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

I thank Thee, God, for my full fields of corn,  
For o'erfilling Cornucopia's horn,  
For fantasy of misted autumn eve,  
For sinking of each golden sun to leave

Pale starlight to bleach white frosted nights.  
I thank Thee, Lord, for power of seeing  
Autumn's bronzed beech trees gilding sun tipped heights.  
Most of all I thank Thee for my mere being.

Old Rail fence.

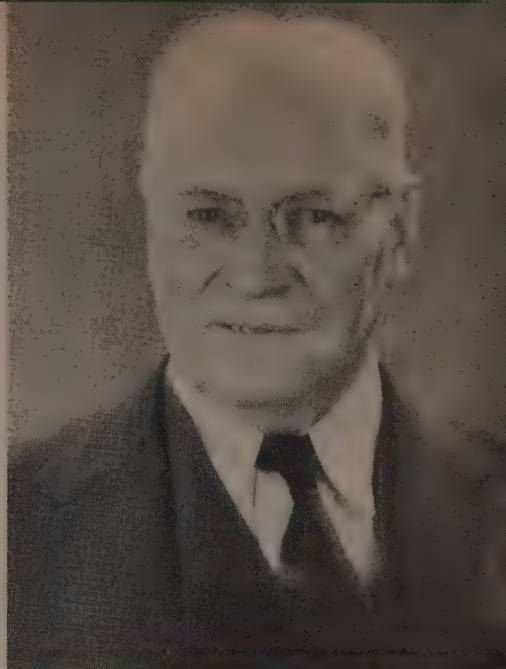
*Photo by Ray Hodde, Springfield.*



# Egyptian Starlight

## III. John T. Faris

Printer's devil, minister, and author of more than sixty books, tells of his life and works.



IF MY elder brother Wallace had lived, no one would have questioned the reason for printing the story of *his* life in a periodical devoted to the interests of Egypt. Born in Chicago, reared in Anna, once a teacher in Union Academy, missionary in China for ten years—there is the bare outline. A tablet in the Anna Presbyterian Church tells of his death while giving famine relief in a district now temporarily overrun by the Japanese. His name and work are carried on by his nephew, Chaplain W. Wallace Faris, now at Key West, Florida. He also grew up in Anna, in the home of his aunt, Mrs. Charles H. Wiley.

Brother Wallace—who was nearly everything that most decidedly I was not—was always looking forward to the ministry, people thought most fittingly. When I was a rather rascalion youngster the Anna people thought I ought not to be a minister. One of them, on learning that I thought of following in the steps of Dad and Granddad, said, feelingly, "The saints deliver us!"

I am not over fond of the personal pronoun. So, when asked to write this mighty personal article, I felt like saying, "No!" But they over-persuaded me.

My beginning was at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. When I was twelve my parents took me to Anna. Dad, the Reverend William Wallace Faris, pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, started, in 1883, *The Talk*, which flourished in spite of the handicap of having me as devil at

fifty cents a week. How rich I felt when, in 1892, as a member of the Minneapolis Typographical, my weekly envelope contained twenty dollars, except when overtime brought the amount nearer thirty. Sounds small today!

They let me do some writing for *The Talk*. And the editors of five St. Louis and Chicago dailies were blind enough to appoint me telegraph correspondent for Union County. By that time I was fifteen.

College life began in 1888, at Lake Forest, Illinois. Interruption came in 1890. The pretense was that this was due to the exhaustion of savings. Truth compels the statement that the real reason was the determination not to be a minister. I wanted to do newspaper work; for three years I had a taste of it in Anna, in San Francisco, finally in Minneapolis.

In 1894, at Princeton, I decided to be a minister—though I told God I much preferred newspaper work. He gave me nine years in the pastorate—five years at Mount Carmel, Illinois, and four at St. Louis. Then I was surprised by an invitation to go to Philadelphia for editorial work. At last I had what I wanted; my job was editor of the many publications of the Presbyterian Church. God had turned things around in His way, not mine. That is a way God has of dealing with His people. And it is a glorious way.

The new work gave me touch with a lot of people. As member of the International Lesson Committee and

of the World's Sunday School Committee, I had contacts that enriched life. The latter membership led me to conventions in Tokio and in Glasgow. These trips continued a program begun in 1895, when my bicycle took me over 1500 miles of roads in England and Scotland—in the latter to the birthplace of Mother.

Those trips were supplemented by journeys on every sea, on all continents, from North Greenland to New Zealand, Australia, South America. Java, Sumatra, Malaya, and lots of other places that are now as familiar as their back yards to the boys in our army, our navy, our air force. Those journeys were continued until war made them impossible; during the last years it has been necessary to confine myself to the Yukon, the Mackenzie, Lake Winnepeg, and the Great Lakes. Eight weeks on the lakes has been this summer's program.

Among the results of such journeys—especially since my retirement from active life—have been visits to schools. Talking to young people is a hobby. I don't know how they stand it! Recently it was my privilege to make 450 talks within seven months, in ten states—most of the talks were half an hour or longer. Two of the visits were made to colleges where the degrees of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Letters were given me.

Sometimes I wonder why the first degree was given. Probably the second came because I was in the proc-



ess of giving to a long-suffering public fifty or sixty books—none of which have come within a thousand miles of being a best seller, though one is still limping along after thirty-five years.

Yet no one could credit me with being an author as the result of determination; the writing of books has been a sort of accident. Here is how it all happened. At Mount Carmel, I wanted to get hold of a certain boy. I could go fishing with

him, but he fought shy of church. His mother told me that he read *Forward*, every word. So I wrote my first story for the paper of which, years later, I became editor. He read it—and my purpose was achieved.

At St. Louis I had one of the country's largest Sunday schools. That accident led an eastern publisher to ask for a book on the Sunday school. That book led to a request for a volume of hints on how

children should be led to love, instead of to hate, Sundays. A natural result was the first of a series of inspirational books for the young. Somebody who saw one of these thought that I could write a volume of history for young people, and offered me five hundred dollars for the job.

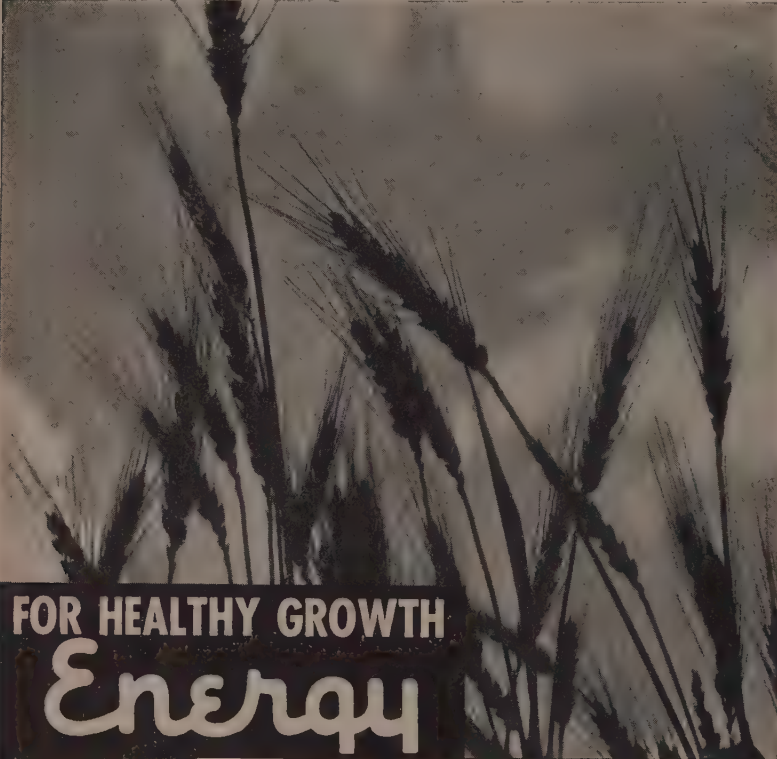
By-products of some of this work led me to suggest a book to a New York publisher. He did not care for my suggestion, but asked for five annual books, and gave me a contract for these before pen had been put to paper. No wonder that famous man was called a plunger!

Death of the well-known man whose assistant I was, led to the request for a story of his life. This, like the five books, was published also in London. Some time later, the same publisher got the idea that I could give him the sort of books that had brought fame to my chief.

The first World War made travel far afield impossible, so I made the acquaintance with highways about Philadelphia. That led to the suggestion to a Philadelphia publisher of a book on *Old Roads Out of Philadelphia*. At once a contract was made. Other books that grew out of these experiences were *Historic Shrines of America*, and *On the Trail of the Pioneers*.

Other like books were *The Romance of Old Philadelphia*, *Old Gardens in and about Philadelphia*, *Old Churches of Philadelphia*, and *Seeing Pennsylvania*. Needing photographs for the last named book, I went to Washington; in various government bureaus I found wealth. So many of the photographs were of other parts of the country that I proposed to the publisher a series of four volumes on various parts of the United States. Request for *Seeing Canada* followed. *Seeing South America* was a later addition. *The Paradise of the Pacific* (Hawaii) was a natural sequence. Sight of some of these volumes led a New York publisher to contract for a series of five annual books.

There were more accidents. I'll tell of one of them. Bits of material not used in books on this country led to the publication in various papers of historical articles on almost any subject that happened to appeal. A teacher who clipped these for use with boys and girls in histo-



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ry classes suggested that I put them in book form. A collection of the clippings sent to a famous publisher of schoolbooks led to the suggestion that evidently I had been studying the report of the Commission of Eight of the National Educational Association on a book of supplementary readings in American history. But I had omitted two or three subjects. Would it not be wise to re-study the report? I had never heard of the Committee. Of course I sent for the report, filled the gaps, and the publisher brought out a book that is still on sale, after twenty-five years. This was the first of a series of three. Later another schoolbook publisher asked me for two books.

The question has been asked if I have had humorous adventures in writing. I dare tell of several—for all minister to the feeling that the bubble reputation is a mighty easy thing to burst. Back in 1890, when local editor of *The Talk*, I accepted an ad from a cigar dealer, offering a prize to smokers. That night I went off on vacation, thinking that the paper was all ready to "go to bed." But that night the responsible editor discovered the prize offer, and killed the ad, because he thought it contrary to the new anti-lottery laws; the mails could not be used for lottery advertising.

On my return the angry tobacconist laughed at the reason for failure to print. So did the editor of the rival paper, the *Union Democrat*, who had printed the notice. Later I was in the post office when the other editor carried in his papers designed for local circulation. This was on Thursday; *The Talk* appeared on Friday. My copy of the paper was handed to me. Seeing there the notice

of the award of the prize offered by the dealer, I called the attention of the postmaster to the *Postal Guide's* provision, and demanded that the offending paper be excluded from the mail. This Postmaster Phillips did, under protest, to protect himself. Twenty-four hours later, County Judge Crawford advised him to accept the papers. But I had won my point; the laugh was on the *Democrat* and the dealer. Or so I thought. At any rate, *The Talk* was out first that week. It was an empty victory—the general verdict was that the twenty-year-old had been a bit too smart.

Years later, a New York publisher, who had asked me to follow the famous Dr. Fosdick with a book similar in plan to one of his best sellers, once advertised his book and mine under the caption: "The Daily Life Series; More than a Million Sold!" His book had sold the million; mine had sold the infinitesimal remainder!

In the course of travel I had other things that made me feel small. Once I walked down a Glasgow street. Everybody seemed to be looking at me. But were they? Soon I realized that they were looking at my tall companion, who wore a ten-gallon gray hat. That man, by the way, was Dr. Heminway, father, later, of the author of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Then, on a day in Tokio, I was asked to a feast at the palace. The Japanese were amazed at the honor for a mere American. With my invitation in hand I entered the palace grounds, but I was to see neither the sacred emperor nor his palace. I was led to an obscure part of the grounds, where a feast was served by

underlings. "What did you expect?" was the comment of my Japanese banker host, "You were highly honored as it was!"

Even the beasts have pricked the bubble. In the Arctic, a polar bear was curious about our ship, but when he saw me at the rail, he turned tail in fright. In South Africa, a curious hippopotamus dived several times and came closer as if to see me. One look, and he lumbered away in disgust. A family of lions, after coming out of the high grass at the roadside, gave me one disdainful look, and were gone.

Bandits have no use for me. Once in China, while waiting for a midnight train, I took a walk three li into the country. On my return I told a mission-trained telegrapher of the encampment, I had walked around. "Bandit!" he said, in affront. And three months later I read that at that very station bandits had held up a train and carried off passengers for ransom. I had not been worthy of attention!

Japan says she is fighting the Chinese merely in friendly desire to give them back the good things they once gave Japan, and have lost themselves. Maybe! Now we think the Japanese are hard customers, but they have their Achilles heel. In 1938, in Dairen, Manchuria, the port for landing troops for China, I wondered why—though the thermometer was little below freezing—the Japanese were wearing guards over mouth and nose. "The Japanese are most sensitive to throat colds," was the explanation. Maybe that is why they could not do much in the Aleutians, yet succeeded in the tropics. Just wait until we catch them right. Then they surely will be out in the cold!

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## Another Year, Another Spring

By PFC. RAY D. HENSON

Every family has them, I suppose, those old legends which on special occasions are brought out for display while the rest of the time they remain as skeletons in a closet. Well, we have ours too.

It was toward the close of the eighteenth century when our ancestors moved into Kentucky with Daniel Boone (Boone Henson is a family name to which we attach the obvious significance, of course), and then, when he went to Missouri, they came to Southern Illinois and settled on a high bluff overlooking the meandering Mississippi, a place known then and now as Grand Tower. Gradually we worked our way inland, settling on some of Jackson County's most fertile soil. We also built a log cabin, large for its day, which, with various additions and subtractions, is still serving as a home for some plain dirt farmers whose fathers have fertilized Illinois' earth for generations. It long ago passed out of our family, but it is about this quaint cabin that our family's best story is centered.

Many and many years ago, in this log cabin a mild-mannered maid retired to the attic for the night. This was not a luxurious attic needing only knotty pine and linoleum to make it a daughter's dream, but in frontier fashion it was completely bare except for the husks in the corners which served as beds. This girl, who has always been Lizzy in my mind, opened the rough-hewn shutter to let in the creamy moonlight and the warm spring wind, fragrant with the tangy odor of the pines up in the hills above her window.

Lizzy was the last one upstairs that night. Her sisters were younger and already asleep, while her brothers in an adjoining loft-room were also deep in sleep. Lizzy wasn't sleepy that night, oh no, for Boone was on his way, and in the best Romeo-and-Juliet style he was coming to take her away. Searchingly she scanned the valley and the hillsides, watching for the lover she knew would come soon.

Silently, softly, he crept from the shadows of the dark pines and under Lizzy's window carefully placed a primitive ladder on which his lady love was to descend. Never did Cinderella step with lighter tread, but then, never before in the history of Illinois did a young lady meet her lover in such a romantic circumstance.

They were married that night, and, according to the story, lived happily ever after. Just why they chose such a unique culmination for their courtship, I've never heard, but I don't think Shakespeare had much to do with it. At any rate, when we drive down that lovely road in Jackson County, Illinois, and pass through that verdant valley, I lift up my eyes unto the hills and when I search out that ancient cabin the story of Lizzy and Boone is just as real to me as G. I. shoes.

Whether this story is really true does not matter so much to me. "It might have been," and that is the important thing. Southern Illinois is rich in such folk stories, and they are our heritage. May we always cherish our past and our illustrious and pioneering forefathers who have made the present and a shining future possible!



Left—Cotton blossoms. Right—Cotton bolls.

*Photos by W. E. Aydt, Cairo.*

## Cotton Grows in Egypt

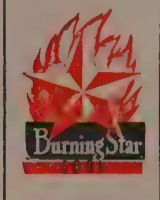
Cotton field of snowy white, just north of Cairo.

*Photo by W. E. Aydt, Cairo.*





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# Looking Ahead with Egypt

By WILL GRIFFITH

## *Ashley*

THE Pan American Candy Company has located its factory at Ashley. The new plant started operation the middle of October, and expects to employ 150 persons when on full schedule.

## *Southern Illinois Normal University*

Clint Clay Tilton of Danville, Illinois, has given Southern Illinois Normal University his entire library of Lincolniana and American History. The collection of 2500 books, pamphlets, periodicals, and pictures of

Lincoln material is one of the great private collections in existence today. This most wonderful gift will have a far reaching effect on the area. Undoubtedly, with such a start other collectors of historical material will present their collections to the University, and in time such a wealth of valuable material will be available, that researchers from all over the world will journey to Carbondale.

The Tilton gift is doubly appreciated, for, in addition to the books and material given, Clint Clay Tilton pre-

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Clay Tilton in corner of library of their home at Danville, Illinois, showing a portion of the collection of Lincolniana and Americana given by them to the Southern Illinois Normal University.





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sented the school with eighty-two bookcase sections in which to house the collection.

The presentation was brought about through the friendship of Clint Clay Tilton and Dr. Richard L. Beyer, enhanced through a long association in the Illinois State Historical Society, of which organization both men are members and officers. Through the efforts of Dr. Beyer, Professor John Wright, and Dr. Sherman B. Barnes, the 1940 meeting of the Society was brought to Carbondale, where Clint Clay Tilton visited Southern Illinois Normal University and visualized its possibilities for growth. He was impressed with the great number of the students who were working their way through the college. As a result, he decided to give his Lincoln collection to that school so that it could be enjoyed by the youth of Egypt.

### Kaskaskia

Two hundred and sixty-nine years after the dedication, by Father Marquette, of the Mission of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, at a point near the present town of Utica, Illinois, Bishop Henry Althoff of Belleville, is heading a movement to rehabilitate and preserve the historic church at the new town of Kaskaskia on the island west of the Mississippi River main channel at Chester. This mission, founded by Father Marquette at a point on the Illinois River near the famous Starved Rock, was moved in 1700 to the site of the later town of Kaskaskia, which became in 1818, the first capital of the State of Illinois. It is the oldest church organization in Illinois.

At the time of the sinking of the town of Kaskaskia beneath the waters of the Mississippi River when it cut a new channel, the church body was moved to the approximate center of the island formed by the terrible vagary of the Mississippi and in time a new village of Kaskaskia arose.

The small parish has not been able to maintain the church and its precious treasures in the proper manner. It is planned to renovate completely both the interior and exterior of the church building. The historic bell, given to the church at old Kaskaskia in 1741, by King Louis XV of France, bears the inscription: "For the people of Illinois for their worship," and is embellished with the lilies of France. It weighs 650 pounds and stands 22 inches high. Cast in France in 1741, it is eleven years older than the revered Liberty Bell which was cast in England in 1752.

It is planned to arrange a suitable place for this historic bell and for the many church relics of the original church. Many of these relics are not now at Kaskaskia, but are in St. Louis. Upon completion of the plans for the rehabilitation of this historic church, these relics and the bell will attract many visitors interested in the history of the early days of the French settlement of the Mississippi valley.

### Benton

The Hotpoint division of the Edison General Electric Company has opened a factory at Benton. At the present time the plant is employing about twenty-five persons, but, as fast as they can be trained, additional employees will be added until about two hundred will be busy making these particular electrical appliances.

### Murphysboro

Ely and Walker Dry Goods Company has doubled its space in Murphysboro where it has a plant making overalls. The factory now occupies the entire building.

# Church in the Hills

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

**More than a century ago, men loved the Egyptian hills.  
The story of a pioneer church of Pulaski County.**

**E**AGERLY we drop to our knees and begin to dig. We have brought no tools so we use our fingers. The leaves rustle protestingly as we brush them away. Black leaf mold gives easily to our anxious fingers. The dirt is hard below and much slower going. At last, in spite of the semi-gloom made by large oak and beech trees and underbrush so dense we walk through it with difficulty, we uncover the inscription on the tombstone. Time has encrusted the old style characters with moss and mold, but at last we read:

Milford F. Edwards  
Died

Feb. 27, 1830

One hundred and fourteen years old—two lifetimes ago—relic of the first comers to Southern Illinois, the tombstone has been partly buried by more than a century of autumn leaves and by dirt rain-washed from the top of the hill.

Nearby we find the gravestones of Nancy (Biggerstaff) Edwards, January 30, 1857; Ira T. Edwards, November, 1849; John H. Parker, March 3, 1834; Ellen Parker, 1837; and James Stevenson, 1872.

We go further up the hill. Underbrush has to be dodged, saw-briars grab our legs. Often we are on our knees, digging with our hands to uncover the inscriptions on the stones, many of which have been broken into two or three pieces. Several we



*Photo by Henry Moreland, Mounds.*  
**Shiloh Church**

find only by accident, where they had fallen and through the years had been completely covered with leaves and leaf mold.

As we get closer to the top of the

hill, the stones are less apt to be covered with dirt. Some lie exposed, partly crumbled by the ravages of the years. Others lie to one side where they have been put by unknown hands. The most recent burial is that of Diana Conyers, May, 1903. Older Conyers' stones are all well preserved.

At last we find the graves we are seeking—those of the Athertons. Several lots are filled with graves of this family. On one a tree, fully three feet in diameter, rises as a living monument.

This, the last resting place of those brave pioneers of Southern Illinois, is scarcely less wooded than was the land they cleared and settled.

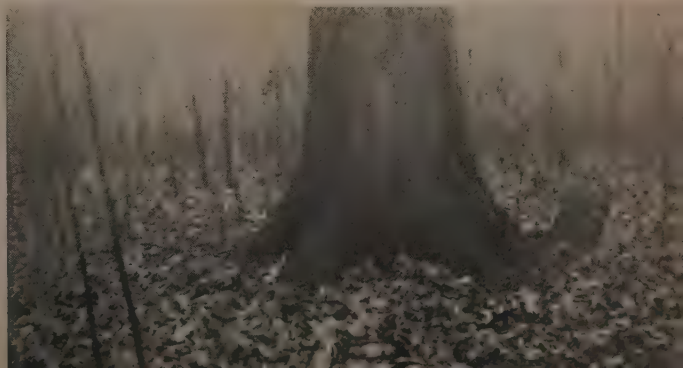
For Aaron Atherton, the pioneer, there is no tombstone. He is buried at Buena Vista, being one of those killed in that battle of the Mexican War, February 22, 1847.

He, it was, who led the pioneers from Kentucky to the hills of Pulaski County in 1816. Men always have loved the hills, and true to tradition, it was in the hills that these settlers of Pulaski County built their homes.

They found all the land—hills and bottoms alike—thickly wooded. There were good, crystal clear, ice-cold springs. Dense woods offered refuge for "a-plenty" of game: bear, wild turkey, deer, rabbit, as well as buffalo. Friendly Indians roamed the

**Shiloh Cemetery. At left, Conyer's lot; at right, grave of Calvin Atherton.**

*Photos by Henry Moreland, Mounds.*





woods. Trees were cut the first year; the best were hewn and made into small homes for each of the families. The following summer the larger plots of land were cleared and gardens planted. Rich and black, the land was abundantly productive.

These pioneers were God-fearing folk. For well over a year their religious needs were filled by roaming preachers—men called to preach,

men whose pulpits were located any convenient place and men whose only requisites for a sermon were a Bible and a few persons to listen.

In the fall of 1817, Aaron Atherton donated land for a permanent church. All the men of the community helped hew the logs and erect the building, one of the first church buildings in Southern Illinois. They called it Shiloh Church. Atherton

donated land on an adjoining hill for a burial ground, one of the first in the State.

The approach to the church and burial ground was a narrow dirt road winding from farmhouse to farmhouse, following the crest of the hills. Often two stout teams had to be hitched to a wagon to pull it through the mud. Only after a long and tedious drive could the dead be buried.

Later this dirt road was graveled from Villa Ridge to the church. From there on west it remained a dirt road. In the summer, Villa Ridge and the adjacent area offered an ideal spot for those Cairo folk with a car, then an uncommon vehicle. In spring and summer the woods were filled with beautiful wild flowers and in the fall there were butternuts, pecans, black walnuts, and beechnuts.

As the community grew, other churches were built, following the shifts of population. Shiloh has remained the small church serving those who love the hills and who refuse to be drawn to the towns.

The log church burned and was replaced by a somewhat larger white weatherboarded building. Upon entering the church we see the familiar curving rows of straight backed pews, with narrower rows on either side, facing an unpretentious pulpit, a piano, and chairs for the small choir.

As we leave the church we walk through the shaded churchyard. Maple, walnut, wild cherry, and sassafras trees furnish the back drop for the church building. Across the road a new burial ground offers repose to those of this generation who die here in the hills. There is a quiet friendliness about Shiloh Church.

To find any trace of that first generation who came here to settle one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, we must walk through Sam Atherton's barn lot, south through the crab apple thicket in the pasture, and up a steep hill to the east.



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# Egyptorials

## No Sabotage

The Southern Illinois Normal University is vital to all of Egypt. It is the only institution of higher learning in the area. Our boys and girls are entitled to an opportunity to obtain a college education. Transportation costs and the exigencies of time make it practically impossible for these boys and girls to attend any other college and commute, so to speak, from their homes. Most of the students of S.I.N.U. return to their homes each week end. At home they replenish their supply of clean clothes, assist ma and pa with some of the week end chores, save the cost of two days' board and room, and all around fortify themselves for the coming school week. This they cannot do elsewhere. If this is denied them, a college education is denied them.

We cannot conceive of anyone, either in Chicago or Rockford, in Springfield or Urbana, who would want to be responsible for this denial of an education to these, our boys and girls. Yet, we sense that there is a sub-rosa movement under way to sabotage the twenty-five year plan for S.I.N.U.

A man is judged by the enemies he makes. A weak character never makes enemies. Likewise a weak nation never makes foes. When everything is considered, when an impartial look is taken at the educational facilities of Illinois, we are forced to know that S.I.N.U. has powerful enemies. There you have a practical demonstration of the true worth of Southern. If our university were not a strong threat it would have no opposition.

The next question just comes naturally to mind. Why should the University of Illinois fear S.I.N.U.? The Champaign-Urbana institution is seven times the size of Egypt's lone university. One must wonder for a reason. You can wonder and we can wonder. We suggest that the legislative members wonder.

Regardless of reasons for the subversive plots against Southern, Egypt must gird herself for a fight to the finish, a fight that must be won, a fight that will be without quarter.

The twenty-five year program must be carried out. It must be started immediately.

If it is sabotaged, Egypt will know where to look for the saboteurs. If we have this crumb taken from us, we will know where to have an investigation started. If Southern is wrecked we will know that other schools feared our competition.

Southern Illinois Normal University has no desire to become a member of the Big Ten, to have a Red Grange; Southern has no desire to bask in the shadow of the money bags of a Rockefeller; Egypt's university has no desire to hog the whole educational appropriation of the State. Egypt demands, for her own university, merely that the State of Illinois keep its pledged word. The university must be saved.

## The Reason

Readers of this issue of the KEY may wonder just what caused us to show a picture of a rail fence.

Egyptian boys in our fighting forces are meeting other boys from other sections of our land. One Egyptian

lad, stationed in the South Pacific, mentioned a rail fence some weeks back to a few members of his contingent. To his amazement, many of the boys associated with him in the world wide war, did not know what he meant. He wrote home, asking for a picture to show his buddies. We hope his copy of the KEY reaches him promptly and in good condition so that he may have the pleasure of showing his fellow fighters one of the rail fences of Egypt.

It is for the rail fence that America is in the war today!

## More Libel by Meyer

It has been called to our attention that Mrs. Agnes Meyer, whose husband owns the *Washington Post*, has just had published in book form a series of articles she wrote for her husband's paper. This is the series in which she described conditions as they are supposed to be in the various communities where ordnance plants are located. The prize gem of the collection is her froth about the Illinois Ordnance Plant on Crab Orchard Lake and the communities nearby, Herrin, Carterville, and Marion.

Why such a scurrilous libel is allowed to be in print is beyond our weak mind to fathom. What the animus we cannot understand. Mrs. Meyers received several letters from this area. These letters all told her of her erroneous statements. Why did she not correct them when the series appeared in book form?

The book was reviewed on a radio program originating in Chicago a few days ago. Especial mention was made of the chapter dealing with Southern Illinois.

Just as long as Egyptians allow such damnable tripe to be spread, just so long will the area suffer. Just so long as the citizens of Egypt remain somnolent in the face of such gross libels, we will be rewarded with sneers and laughs when away from home.

The EGYPTIAN KEY is trying its level best to tell the world the true state of life in Egypt. It is very disheartening when such damaging untruths are permitted to be published. Why don't our civic minded organizations do something about it?

## You Can't Match It?

Autumn is upon us. Fall in Egypt is the most glorious season of the year.

A green back drop, studded with yellow and brown patches and italicized with spots of flame, drapes the hills of Egypt with a panorama excelling technicolor in its brilliance.

A curving ribbon of concrete winding through the hills, beckons to all to enjoy the harvest season when nature with the contentment of a well rounded life, leans back and strews her largesse with a lavish hand.

The whistle of the wind in the brittle leaves, the flapping of the hobo-like stalks of dry corn, the lap-lap of the water in the streams and lakes, the warm sun shining down from a blue-blue sky embroidered with cotton dabs of clouds make one glad he is alive and doubtly glad he lives in Egypt.



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